

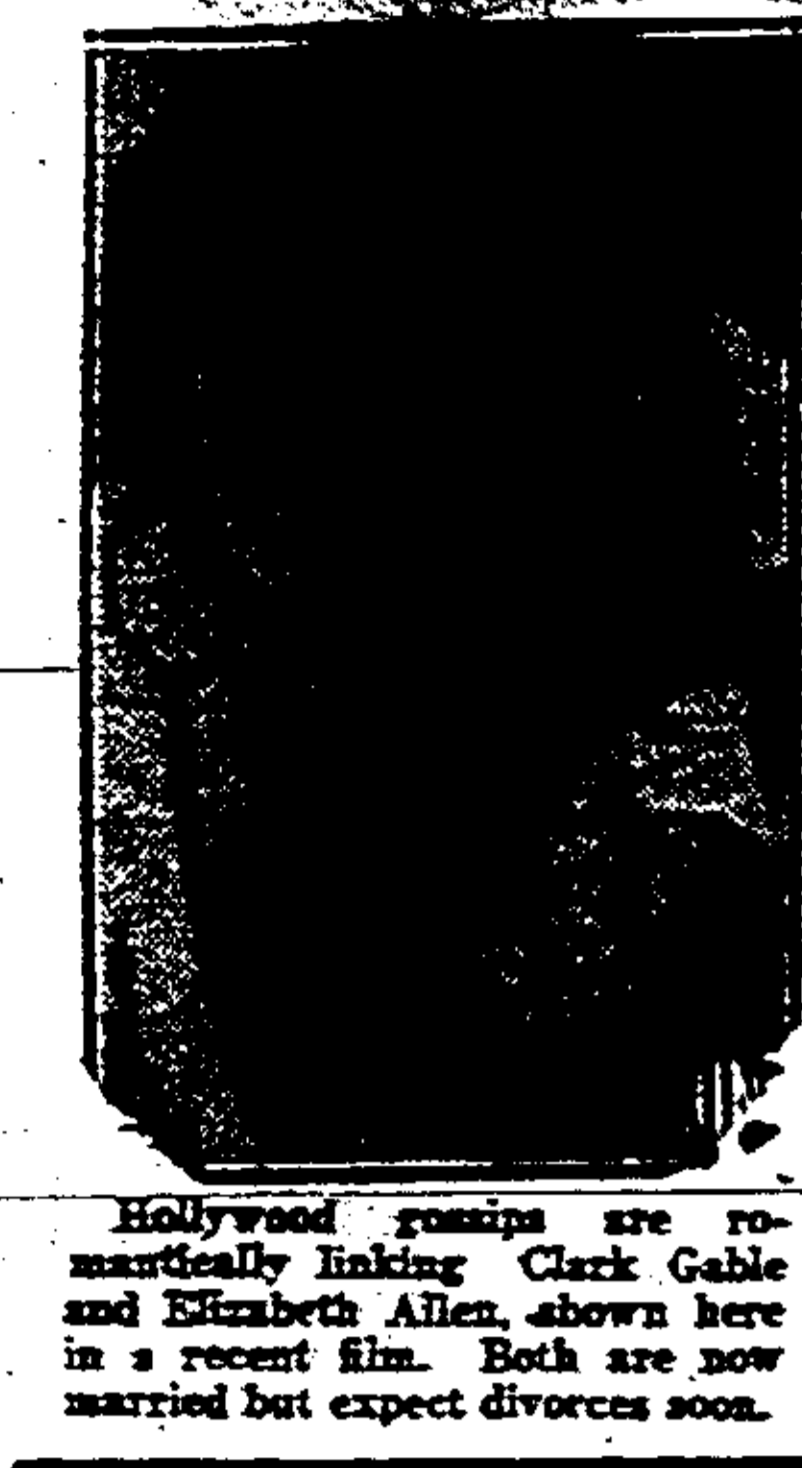
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# The China Mail

Est. 1842 THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED NEWSPAPER IN THE FAR EAST Est. 1842  
No. 29,217 HONG KONG, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1935 PRICE \$3.00 Per Month

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## BRITISH CABINET CRISIS DENIED IN RESPONSIBLE CIRCLES



### JAPANESE DEMANDS

#### Chahar Authorities Seek Compromise

Peiping, To-day.

From Kalgan it is learned on very reliable authority that the 60 Japanese soldiers who entered Kalgan from Dolon last week are not remaining and will shortly return to Dolon.

It is believed that their presence in Kalgan is connected with the Japanese demands which, it is reliably stated, were made to the Chahar authorities that six Asia in Eastern Chahar be turned over to Jehol for inclusion in Manchukuo. These are Kuyuan, Paohang, Changpei, Kangpao, Huotun and Shangtao, two of which, Kuyuan and Paohang, are already occupied by Manchukuo troops, though Kuyuan city is still in Chinese hands.

The Chinese authorities in Kalgan are endeavouring to compromise, retaining Changpei and Shangtao and giving up the remainder. — Reuter.

### WORKERS SHOT IN AMERICA

#### FOUR KILLED AND FOUR WOUNDED

Los Angeles, To-day.

Four relief workers were shot dead and four seriously injured in a sensational shooting affray yesterday. A relief worker named Charles Wayman is alleged to have stood on a mound and blazed away at other workers with a rifle. He then dropped the rifle and ran off.

When the police, using sawn-off shotguns, forced Wayman to surrender, he is reported to have declared: "I have shot the others because they have been browbeating me." — Reuter.

### U.S. SILVER POLICY

#### Mr. Morgenthau Explains

Washington, To-day.

Mr. Henry Morgenthau, Secretary of the Treasury, said yesterday that the Treasury is still buying silver everywhere. He explained the Treasury's absence from Saturday's silver market as being due to the difference in time and the fact that most markets were observing half-holidays. Mr. Morgenthau declined to state whether Saturday buying would be discontinued in the future. — Reuter.

### DEMONSTRATIONS IN PEIPING

#### STUDENTS CLASH WITH POLICE PICKETS

#### AMERICAN YOUTH GIVES VIEWS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Peiping, To-day.

Some 5,000 students from the Universities and middle schools paraded the streets of Peiping yesterday to protest against the formation of the new Hopei Chahar Council and the separation of this area from the control of Nanking. They urged armed resistance to the Japanese aggression in North China and also that the 29th army should resist, recalling the army's exploits against the Japanese at Hsifengkow in 1933, when they fought with broadsword only.

Many columns of demonstrators converged on the Tienchiiao Bridge outside the Temple of Heaven. A route one column was prevented from proceeding by the police, who unmercifully beat a few students with bamboo and swords, wounding between 10 and 15. When a fire engine with a hose was brought up the students smashed the windshield of the fire engine. Later they were allowed to proceed peacefully.

From Tienchiiao the students began to return in a long and orderly column, six abreast. Many girl students are participating, and all are distributing handbills.

None of the students at the Chienmen Gate were injured. The police fired by the police failed to make the students

### RECOGNITION OF MANCHUKUO

#### Reported Agreement With Japan

#### MUCH CONCERN AROUSED IN SOUTH-WEST

From Our Own Correspondent Canton, To-day.

Intelligence reports from Peiping state that among the terms of compromise between China and Japan over North China is close co-operation between China, Japan and Manchukuo, implying China's recognition of the Changchun (Hsinking) regime.

Kuomintang leaders here are much concerned over these reports, which, if true, mean the tacit cession of Manchuria, or what are known as the Three Eastern Provinces, to Japan. This cession is a violation of the League of Nations' resolution not to recognise the Manchukuo regime and the Stimson doctrine of non-recognition of rights acquired by force.

Mr. Hsiao Fu-chen, the veteran Kuomintang leader, is most distressed over such an arrangement. The South-west Political Council will study this matter at its routine meeting this morning.

It was learned last night that the Council has requested the return of Mr. Chou Lou from Nanking. General Li Chung-jen from Kwangsi and Mr. Hu Han-min from Nice, France. Mr. Chou Lou is expected here next week, while General Li cannot return to Canton at the moment. It is uncertain whether Mr. Hu Han-min will come back to China at all.

The military authorities here are reported to be indifferent to national politics and to the suggestions by professors and students of Sun Yat-sen University, who want Nanking to fight Japan and the League of Nations to adopt sanctions against the same country.

even finish. After three hours standing at the gate the students were allowed to march off. Several girl students in the front rank stood calmly when the police fired on them.

One demonstrator was an American youth, a student at Yenching University. When correspondents talked with him he persistently referred to "we students and our cause."

A number of Yenching and Tsinghua students who were refused admission at several gates burst through the railway gate in the west wall of the Chinese city in order to join up with their comrades inside.

The demonstrators had returned to their schools and universities at 4 p.m., and the city was very quiet.

(Continued on Page 12)

### MANY STUDENTS MISSING

Peiping, Later: Considerable anxiety is expressed over the fate of a number of students who are reported missing, one of whom is a girl of 19. Whether they are arrested or injured is not known. No information is at present forthcoming from the police, who are generally roundly condemned for their unprovoked and brutal attacks on orderly demonstrations. — Reuter.

### MURDER ATTEMPT ON EDITOR

#### Victim Shows Slight Improvement

From enquiries at the Government Civil Hospital this morning the China Mail learns that the condition of Mr. Lai Kung-che, chief editor of the Kwang Sheng Evening Press and concurrently editor of the Kwang Sheng Yat Pao, who was yesterday shot by a gunman in Lee Yuen Street, shows a very slight improvement, though it is still very serious.

One of the shots which struck him passed out through his stomach.

### MARSHAL PILSUDSKY'S BROTHER DIES

Warsaw, To-day: Adam Pilsudski, younger brother of the late Marshal, has died at Vilna, aged 94. — Trans-Ocean Service.

## Sir S. Hoare Expected To Weather Storm



President Roosevelt speaks at the Armistice Day ceremonies at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, wearing of "world peace" and pledging the Administration to promote peace.

### PROCEEDINGS AT NAVAL CONFERENCE

#### BRITISH PROPOSALS CONSIDERED

London, To-day.

The Naval Conference having reached a "repetitive" stage, with progress on the Japanese demand for a common upper limit seemingly impossible, it has been decided that the Japanese will continue the discussion on the matter bilaterally, and that the Conference shall change its ground to the British proposals for quantitative limitation by categories.

It will invite each Power to state in advance what construction is contemplated in the next few years. The exact period is at present unspecified, but in order to avoid the necessity for frequent conferences the British favour six, though France and Italy have already expressed reluctance to undertake a long-term treaty commitment. It is understood that Britain's desire is merely designed to produce concrete figures on which negotiations can be conducted.

The Conference will meet again at 3.15 p.m. to-day, but the bilateral party talks begin in the morning, when the Japanese will visit the United States delegation. — Reuter.

### PROPOSED TERMS UNJUSTIFIED

#### "The Times" Comments On Peace Proposals

#### INVADERS' MANY DIFFICULTIES

London, To-day. Do the realities of the military situation in Abyssinia justify the peace terms proposed, asks The Times. It would hardly seem so. It is difficult to believe that the situation is as favourable for the Italians as they imagined it would be when planning the campaign.

After 10 weeks' strenuous effort the Italians have gone a very little way towards solving their problems. The limited extent of their achievement hitherto has seriously diminished their prospects of adequate progress before the rains. In the North they have not penetrated as far as the small Italian force in 1935; in the South they have had "one significant success, Gorabai," otherwise they have little to show. There is much evidence that they have suffered heavily through excessive strain on their supply lines, routes mud for heavy traffic.

Clearly General Badoglio has been

### EMPEROR MAKES STATEMENT

#### Dignified Rejection Of Proposals

#### NO CONCESSION TO AGGRESSOR

China Mail Special Addis Ababa, To-day.

The first official rejection of the Franco-British peace proposals by Abyssinia was made in a communication which the Emperor issued through his secretary yesterday. These proposals, declares the Negus, would mean that Abyssinia resigned a considerable portion of her territory in favour of a Power which the League of Nations has unanimously designated as an aggressor.

The proposals would provide Italy with a starting point for the complete subjugation of Abyssinia. The zone offered to Italy for colonisation and economic exploitation and from which Abyssinian citizens, and undertakings would be excluded, represented something far worse than a mandate, since a mandate would respect the interests of the native population as well as embody the principle of equal rights for all foreigners.

The Imperial Government is convinced that in its session on December 18 the League Council will not approve of any proposals which would infringe Abyssinian sovereignty and dismember Abyssinian territory for the benefit of a State which has been stigmatised as an aggressor. — Trans-Ocean Service.

In shuffling his dispositions, meanwhile intensifying air action, but when the advance is resumed will it result in any more than a gradual extension of the occupied territory and a greater extension of the invaders' difficulties? When the rains descend their difficulties will be multiplied and such considerations should not be overlooked by other countries. — Reuter.

## POSITION DECLARED DELICATE

## EDEN BADLY HECKLED BY OPPOSITION

### SPEAKER REBUKES DR. DALTON

London, To-day.

The rumours of a Cabinet crisis and the possibility of Sir Samuel Hoare's resigning are discredited in responsible Parliamentary circles. Any repudiation of Sir Samuel Hoare by the Cabinet is considered to be out of the question. On the contrary, it is believed that it will be necessary for Mr. Baldwin vigorously to defend Sir Samuel Hoare's actions.

Meanwhile there is a tendency towards a less critical attitude towards the Government as it is believed that the House of Commons will be told on Thursday that Italy intended to treat the oil sanctions as an act of war, and the British Government was not satisfied that the necessary collective action in support of the League policy would be forthcoming.

It is pointed out that Britain never pledged herself to anything more than collective action, and if the Ministers are not satisfied with regard to its availability in respect of the oil sanctions, they are entitled to take what is considered to be the next best step, namely, to make a supreme effort at conciliation.

### RESERVATIONS ANNOUNCED BY ITALY

#### RETURN OF AKSUM IMPOSSIBLE

#### CONCILIATION EFFORTS AGAIN CHECKED

China Mail Special Geneva, To-day.

The importance attached to the forthcoming meeting of the League Council is emphasised by the fact that all the European member States of the Council with the exception of Soviet Russia, will be represented by their Foreign Ministers. The meeting will be presided over by the Argentine delegate, M. Quinzana.

According to the present arrangements the Council, in the opening session to-morrow forenoon, will first take up the question of the settlement of the Iraqi Assyrians in some foreign country, while the much-criticised Paris peace proposals will be tackled to-morrow afternoon.

#### NO CHANCE AT ALL

There appears to be a consensus of opinion that there is not the slightest chance of the proposals being approved by the Council in their present form, especially since it is generally anticipated that the reservations (Continued on Page 12)

### ITALIANS LAUNCH ATTACK

#### No Appreciable Advantage

Addis Ababa, To-day.

The recent bombing attack was apparently a prelude to the renewal of the offensive at Ogaden. Italians and Somalis, supported by tanks and armoured cars, attacked the Ethiopian lines 40 miles South-east of Sas Baneh. Neither side gained any appreciable advantage in the fight which ensued, though the Ethiopians claimed that they had at least put up a fight. Several hundreds of Somalis are reported to have deserted to the Ethiopians. — Reuter.

London, Later: The current stories of a Cabinet crisis consequent on the peace plans are being discounted pending an explanation of the situation to the House of Commons on Thursday. The opinion among a large body of Government supporters is still frankly hostile to the proposed plans, but there is underlying confidence that Mr. Baldwin had some good reasons for his apparently enigmatic action. Much consequently depends on the extent to which he can disclose the Government's motive.

#### DELICATE POSITION

Sir Samuel Hoare will have to be very explicit if he is the first Government spokesman for many consider that he is a sick man and was overpersuaded at Paris, and that Mr. Baldwin is displaying his characteristic loyalty in standing by him. Undoubtedly Sir Samuel Hoare's Parliamentary position is delicate at the present moment, but the prevailing opinion is that he will weather next Thursday's storm. (Continued on Page 12)

### THELMA TODD POISONED?

#### Hollywood Mystery

Hollywood, To-day. The film actress Thelma Todd has been found dead in a motor-car parked near her residence. Detectives at present decline to make a statement. Hollywood later: Thelma Todd's death is now believed to have been due to carbon monoxide poisoning. Her body was found slumped over the steering wheel. The police are of the opinion that she had been dead two days when discovered. A post mortem, according to the authorities, showed that her blood contained 70 per cent of monoxide. — Reuter.

### HUNGARIAN MINISTER AT BERLIN RECALLED

Budapest, To-day. The recall of the Hungarian Minister at Berlin, Dr. Mastriach, was officially announced here yesterday. Dr. Mastriach will be succeeded by the former Field Marshal Sotjaky. — Trans-Ocean Service.

## MAIL SCHEDULES

## AIR MAIL

Imperial Airways via Singapore  
Bandoeng-Amsterdam via Singapore  
Saigon-Marseilles via Saigon  
Singapore-Australia

Correspondence will be accepted for transmission by these services. Rates and all particulars are shown in the schedules exhibited at the Post Office. All letters etc., must be marked "By Air Mail" and be handed in at the Post Office.

HONG KONG GOVERNMENT  
RADIO TELEGRAPH SERVICE

From the First day of December 1935 charges for telegrams will be collected at the rate of Dollar 0.55 to equal Gold Franc 1.00.

The Hong Government Radio Telegraph Service announces that from next Monday charges for telegrams will be collected at the rate of Dollar 1.05 to equal Gold Franc 1.00.

## INWARD MAILS.

## FROM EUROPE

Calchas (Air Mail ex Imperial Service) Dec. 17  
Soudan Dec. 24

## FROM SHANGHAI

Athos II Dec. 17  
Calchas Dec. 17  
Tantals Dec. 19  
Pres. Hoover Dec. 19  
Hakusan Maru Dec. 19  
Pres. Hayes Dec. 20  
Emp. of Japan Dec. 20  
Asama Maru Dec. 20  
Naldera Dec. 21  
Potsdam Dec. 21  
Pres. Grant Dec. 21

## FROM STRAITS &amp; INDIA

Calchas Dec. 17  
Van Heuts Dec. 17  
Kashima Maru Dec. 17  
Tokushima Maru Dec. 17  
Soudan Dec. 24  
Tsushima Maru Dec. 24  
Deucalion Dec. 24  
Tama Dec. 24  
Titan Dec. 24

## FROM U.S.A.

Pres. Hoover Dec. 19  
Emp. of Japan Dec. 20  
Pres. Hayes Dec. 20  
Pres. Grant Dec. 21

## FROM MANILA

Kamo Maru Dec. 19  
Tjikembang Dec. 19  
Deucalion Dec. 20  
General Lee Dec. 20

## FROM JAPAN

Buenos Aires Maru Dec. 18  
Pres. Hoover Dec. 19  
Hakusan Maru Dec. 19  
Emp. of Japan Dec. 20  
Pres. Hayes Dec. 20  
Asama Maru Dec. 20  
Alipore Dec. 21  
Atsuta Maru Dec. 21  
Naldera Dec. 21  
Pres. Grant Dec. 21  
Toyama Maru Dec. 21

## OUTWARD MAILS.

## FOR EUROPE

Pres. Lincoln (via San Francisco) Dec. 17  
Closes: Reg. 4.15 p.m. Ord. 5 p.m.  
Athos II (Air Orient Service) Dec. 17  
Closes: Reg. 8 a.m. Ord. 9 a.m.  
Buenos Aires Maru (Imperial Service) Dec. 19  
Closes: Reg. 1 p.m. Ord. 1.30 p.m.  
Hakusan Maru (via Mar. 20  
Closes: Reg. 5 p.m. Ord. 6 p.m.  
Pres. McKinley (via Siberia) Dec. 20  
Closes: Reg. 4.15 p.m. Ord. 5 p.m.  
Kashima Maru (via Siberia) Dec. 21

## FOR STRAITS AND INDIA

Buenos Aires Maru Dec. 19  
Hakusan Maru Dec. 20

## FOR MANILA

Change Dec. 17  
Pres. Hoover Dec. 19  
Emp. of Japan Dec. 20  
Pres. Hayes Dec. 20  
Tjikembang Dec. 24

## Women's Page

HALOES NOW OUT  
OF FASHIONOriginal Brims  
The Craze

Millinery fashions change every week.

Latest arrivals show that milliners are tired of haloes. Many of the latest caps are brimless. The postman model is losing its popularity. As for brimmed hats, the more original the brim, the smarter.

Persian lamb, corded silk, felt, and antelope are used for the newest hats. Silk fringe, thongs of plaited leather, or a strand of silk cord serve as trimming. The jaunty little cap sketched on the left is of black Persian lamb fur. The trimming is black silk fringe held with a chromium-plated bar brooch. Plain uncurled ostrich feathers can be used instead of fringe.

TWO APRON  
POCKETSFor Waste Paper And  
Dusters

An apron made with two large front pockets is handy for use when bedrooms are being dusted and tidied. If a paper bag is slipped into one pocket all sorts of small litter such as waste paper, spent matches, and so on may be collected in it ready for the dustbin.

In the other pocket one or two polishing cloths, a washleather, or a duster may be carried. For those who are often called off their work to answer the door or the telephone this type of apron is useful. Working gloves may be slipped into one of the pockets and the apron itself taken off and left rolled up, until it is required again.

## FOR AUSTRALIA

Change Dec. 17

## FOR SHANGHAI

Pres. Lincoln Dec. 17  
Kashima Maru Dec. 19  
General Lee Dec. 20  
Pres. McKinley Dec. 20

## FOR JAPAN

Rakuyo Maru Dec. 17  
Pres. Lincoln Dec. 17  
Kamo Maru Dec. 18  
General Lee Dec. 20  
Pres. McKinley Dec. 20

## FOR U.S.A.

Rakuyo Maru Dec. 17  
Pres. Lincoln Dec. 17  
General Lee Dec. 20  
Pres. McKinley Dec. 20

VIA SIBERIA—Letters and postcards for Europe and South America are forwarded "via Siberia" if so superscribed. REGISTERED and PARCEL MAILS are closed 15 minutes earlier than the time given above unless otherwise stated, and where mails are advertised to close at or before 9 a.m., registered and parcel mails are closed at 5 p.m. on the previous day.

AIR MAIL—Imperial Airways via Singapore, Bandoeng-Amsterdam via Singapore, Saigon-Marseilles via Saigon. Correspondence for Europe and for transmission by these Services. Rates and all particulars are shown in the schedules exhibited at the General Post Office and Kowloon Office. All letters etc., must be marked "By Air Mail" and be handed in at the General Post Office. Unless superscribed for despatch by a specific air mail service, correspondence will be forwarded by the first service available.

The Cold Days  
AheadAND THE KNITTED  
COMFORTS

(By FRANCES DEE)

Now that cool evenings are here and big armchairs beckon us near the first cosy fires, our thoughts turn naturally to knitting needles and skeins of coloured yarn.

Home knitted garments are always so vastly superior to bought ones, and the personal thought behind the deed always enhances the gift to our menfolk and kiddies, that time spent over clicking needles is invariably repaid. Personally, my knitting season opened early this year. I've been preparing a layette for a new arrival. The gossamer Shetland baby clothes of pink and blue having now been packed away in the nursery, I am turning to my own autumn wardrobe.

Enchanting New Colours. New colourings in this season are enchanting. Rich greens, golden browns, Dubonnet reds, cobalt blues, all vie with each other to accompany our homespun country suits, our woollen town clothes garments for winter sports later on, and our comfortable tweed topcoats. Sweaters are workmanlike articles, knitted in bumpy, rugged ribs, snug at neckline, fitting at the waist, and with long, cosy sleeves to keep out snow, fog and rain.

Knitted blouses, buttoning down the front with stout wood buttons, long sleeved, and with V-necks into which coloured handkerchief scarves can be tucked, are a new note. Green or bright yellow over a yellow and green Scotch plaid skirt, with a plaid silk handkerchief scarf, is one of my favourites.

Socks For Wet Weather. Then one could add a pair of short knitted socks for wear over silk stockings for the country wardrobe, and a pair of short knitted socks for wear over silk stockings in wet weather in town. These may sound frumpish, but worn with tweeds and good fringed brogues, they look very smart.

Another idea of mine is to knit a ribbed sleeveless blouse to button down the front and have a round neckline. This I shall make in tawny brown, for wear with a homespun skirt of the same shade. Under it I shall don one of the very new chambray blouses with zipper fasteners at neck and wrists.

And I shall wear a brown suede beret and knitted gloves to match the sleeveless pull-over. Stockings shall match my gloves. Brown suede brogues will complete the ensemble with a big handbag to match.

And I don't care if it snows!

CLEANING THE  
WALLSWater And Linseed  
Oil Useful

One of the simplest and most successful ways of cleaning painted walls and woodwork is by washing over first with warm soapy water, using a clean soft flannel. Then rinse over with clean, warm water.



Grey kidskin and Persian Lamb are uniquely combined in this fur wrap, posed by Olivia De Havilland, the Warner Bros. actress. The sleeves, yoke and collar of Persian Lamb are in one piece, while the belted body of the coat is of the kidskin.

## ROUGH ELBOWS

HOW TO PREVENT  
THEM

Arms that might otherwise be considered pretty, are very often disfigured by rough or hollow elbow-joints, and this is a condition that is easier to prevent than to cure.

Rubbing the joints every night with warm almond oil or some other application equally nourishing and soothing, will be found most beneficial in both preserving and restoring the graceful lines of the elbow.

To do this easily, a few drops of the oil should be poured into the palm of the one hand, and manipulated over elbow joints, until as much grease as the skin will naturally take in, has been absorbed.

If the surface has been allowed to become rough or coarse, a pad of absorbing cotton, soaked in the oil, should be bound loosely at night before retiring.

When the arms can be so beautiful, it seems a pity that so many women do not correct this blemish, for it is possible to do so without much work or expense. The process takes only a few minutes daily, and the results will be found most gratifying.

Now wring out a clean flannel in linseed oil and when the painted surface is dry, wipe over with the oily cloth, wiping in the same direction all the time. Not only does this method make the paint look like new again, but it also acts as a preservative. Never use soda, in any form, for cleaning paintwork.

JEWELLERY  
IS PART OF  
THE DRESSNECKLACES AND  
FROCKS

## WHIM OF ARISTOCRATS

The jewellery is part of the dress in many of the new black frocks that make as much of necklaces as of high necklines, and give as much importance to pendants as to sleeves.

Pearls, ranging from tiny seed pearls to double and triple strands of large ones, are either draped around high necklines or interspersed with the fabric to form a permanent trimming on the frock. Evidently the fashion designers have decided to give in to the whim of aristocrats whose pearls established a classic jewellery fashion by showing every woman fascinating new ways to wear them.

Smart Fashion. In many cases the entire dress appears to have been designed around a single item of jewellery. It's a smart new fashion that is worth considering for the black dress for the winter wardrobe.

Variations of the jewellery dress make much of the Italian Renaissance influence. Large gold brooches, studded with semi-precious stones, decorate the bodices of black dresses, and jewelled belts encircle many an afternoon dress of silk crepe or velvet. However, this is a type of decoration that should be done very well or not at all and does not approach the chic of the pearl necklace dress.

IF YOU  
LIKE CHEESE,  
THERE'S  
NO SUBSTITUTE FOR  
BLUE MOON SPREADS  
Four Flavours—American, Pimiento,  
Camembert, Roquefort  
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THE DAIRY FARM ICE & COLD  
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## YESTERDAY'S SOLUTION

MISSION SPIRITUAL  
ONE DEW TWO HAN  
ONCE A DAY  
D E S T I N E D T O  
P R E S E N T E R M E  
M E T T L E D S E C E D E R  
O A I R S T R O D I  
M R E S T A B E T O  
R E T U R N S N E R I O S  
E M I T E A R N S A R I A  
L E M E R T A M E  
S I S T E R S O L A N N E  
N I G H T E N B E L I E  
S E C E D E D S L A K E D

THE  
HONG KONG

PENINSULA HOTEL  
HONG KONG HOTEL, REPULSE BAY HOTEL,  
PEAK HOTEL

&  
SHANGHAI

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EVENING GOWNS  
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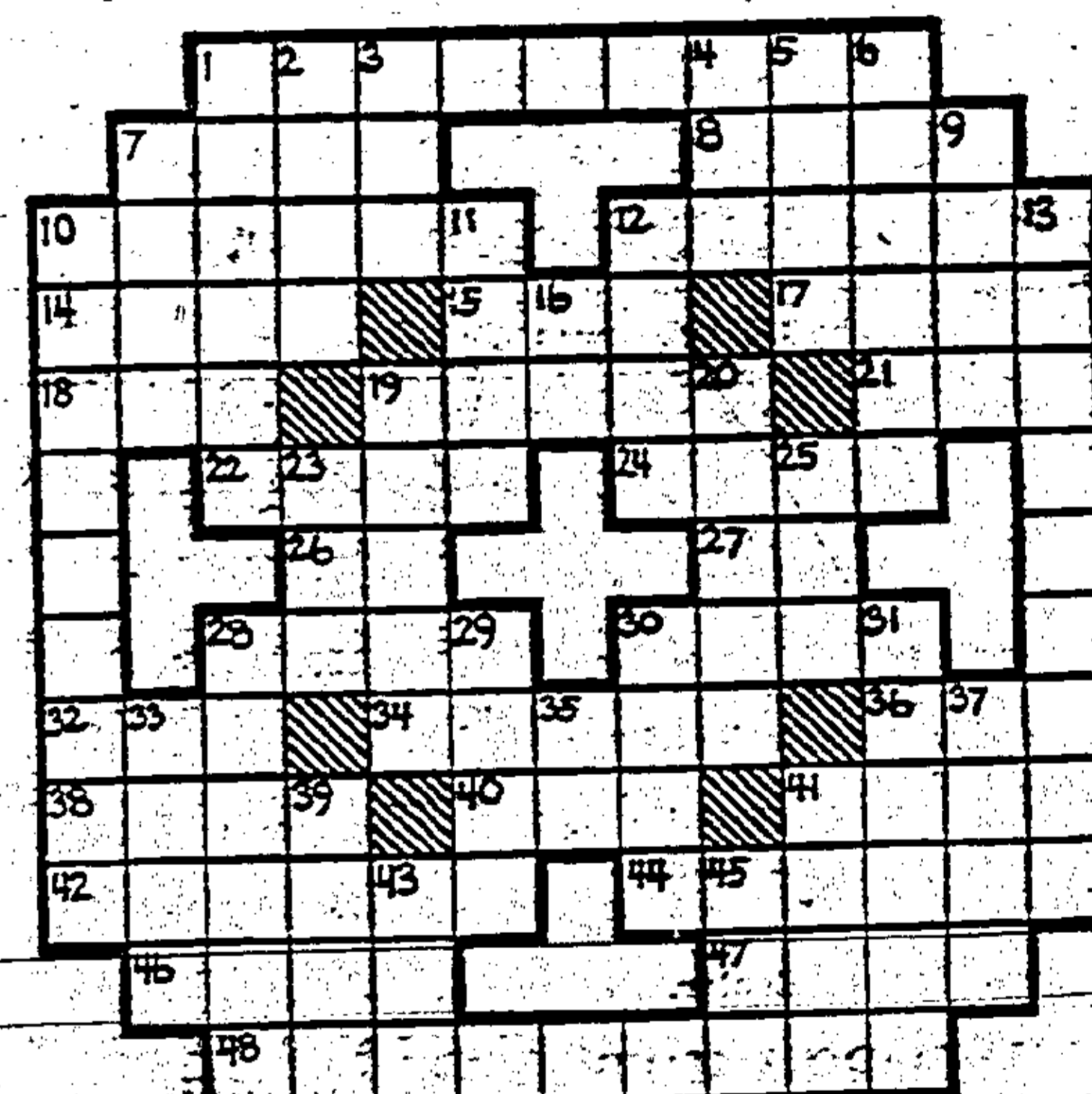
"RIVELLE"

GLOUCESTER ARCADE No. 6.



## DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

This cross-word puzzle has been made by an expert but our readers are warned to look out for occasional phonetic spelling, such as harbor, plow, and alibi.



HORIZONTAL  
1-Ambition  
7-Greek god of war  
8-King of beasts  
10-Affirmed  
12-A precious metal  
14-Assume an attitude  
15-A fish  
17-Father  
18-Imitate  
19-Graded  
21-Small bed  
22-Check  
24-Venture  
26-A land measure (abbr.)  
27-Six  
28-Tropical fruit  
32-Await  
34-Bright  
35-A fish  
36-An insect  
38-At any time

HORIZONTAL (Cont.)  
40-Girl's name  
41-Large plant  
42-Brazilian  
44-Earned  
46-Mountain in Manch (Rible)  
47-Angered  
48-Withdrew from action

VERTICAL  
1-Rubber  
2-Alibi  
3-Employ  
4-River in Russian  
5-Turkistan  
6-Beginner  
7-On the amount

VERTICAL (Cont.)  
9-An emperor of Rome  
10-Crossed  
11-College official  
12-Snow vehicle  
13-Disavowed  
14-And (Lat.)  
15-Tenants  
16-Small ship-oreans  
17-Escape  
18-Clear of  
19-More profound  
20-Discharge  
21-Best  
22-Gained  
23-Part of a stove  
24-Indefinite article  
25-Want  
26-Royal dress  
27-Fatigue  
28-Decay  
29-Inland island

The solution of the above with a new cross-word puzzle will appear in to-morrow's issue.

## Bringing Up Father



## "MARNET"

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NOW UNPACKED  
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EXPERT WORK  
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## GIFTS

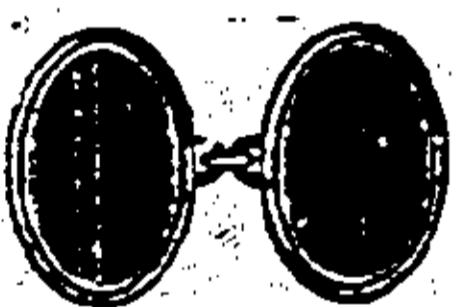
**MEN APPRECIATE . . .**



**NEW ARRIVED  
SELECTION  
OF  
SOLID GOLD  
CIGARETTE  
CASES**

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Hong Kong, Tuesday, Dec. 17, 1935.

### The Laval Terms

"Open covenants openly arrived at," demanded President Wilson. Open covenants involve open negotiations, for if the world is to be suddenly surprised with an arrangement completely worked out in detail, it is very little improvement that it should be able to read its terms and know that it has been registered in Geneva with the Secretary-General. It is no secret that the older type of diplomatists regarded this procedure as quite Utopian, and that practically nothing was done at Geneva that had not previously been discussed in private sufficiently for at least the general point of view of the more important members of the League to be known, even if not approved. Several projects were brought forward by various delegates without these preliminaries, and in that case, if they were widely supported, the procedure was to embody the project in a protocol that required ratification by each State. The protocol was duly circulated, but was not ratified by more than a few minor Powers, and was then pigeonholed. There are quite a number of these stillborn schemes accumulating dust on the shelves.

So far as England was concerned Sir John Simon applied his legal mind to the Covenant, and discovered so many loopholes in Article X, and in the draft motions — such as he would have been able to use in a Court of Law to defeat any action — that he gave up the whole thing as not worth the risk of any attempted compulsion, and merely contented himself with appeals to reason and justice, which were forcible but not business.

The advent of Mr. Baldwin as Prime Minister coincided with the adoption of a suggestion by the advocates of League action that the League Article should be coupled with Sections XV or XVI or some other Article that was more explicit, and with a determination to have disputes put before the general public in order to evoke the force of public opinion, which when really aroused cannot be resisted by reactionary Governments. And behind that is the principle derived from the contemplation of the fact that in a general war men are committed to action that is far more important than the ordinary business of their legislatures, and that it is only fair that if they have a right to be consulted on the less important matters they ought to be consulted on the more important.

The corollary of this attempt at "open covenants" is that the public must be better informed as to the action taken by their own representatives, and also by the representatives of other States, and the motives behind such action. For it is not a case of a decision having to be made "in the air" with no disturbing circumstances to influence the decision. Diplomacy is continuous, and cannot succeed unless the occasion is taken as a link in a long chain which stretches back into history and forward into the future. Most of the comment on the terms suggested by M. Laval after his conferences with Signor Mussolini ignores the chain and concentrates on the link.

The first thing to be remembered is that in January last the French and Italian Governments made an agreement that Italy was to protect Austria the Home of Commons.

### EXPLANATION OF YESTERDAY'S CARTOON

#### The Weeping Tree

FOR the last few years, at regular intervals during late summer and fall, a clump of cherry trees in an old cemetery in Mobile, Alabama, has been raining tears on the old gravestones and vaults beneath their branches. The phenomenon has occasioned considerable excitement and speculation as to the cause. But the real reason was found by Dr. H. P. Loding, a Mobile scientist, who reports that the rain of tears is caused by the millions of jassidae (leaf hoppers) insects nestled on the trees.

### HOUSEHOLD GAS FROM CLOVER

#### Promising Experiments In America

St. Paul, Minn. — Ordinary clover will supply light and power to the city of the future if a discovery made by two boys, one of them a football player, in the laboratories of a local college is found to be adaptable to commercial use.

"I think the process has great possibilities," Dean R. U. Jones, head of the college's chemistry department, said in announcing his pupils' discovery.

The new process, details of which are closely guarded, converts ordinary white clover into a commercially usable gas. It was discovered accidentally, in the course of another experiment.

The inventors say that a single tract of 3,000 acres would grow enough clover to keep this town of 250,000 inhabitants supplied for a year with enough gas for all household and commercial purposes, at half the present cost.

—Renter.

from being merged into the German Reich. That would be awkward for both, as neither is anxious to have Germany as a neighbour. In return France was to support Italy in establishing or, as Il Duce sees it, re-establishing a Roman Empire in Africa. Quite probably the new Caesar sees the conquest of Ethiopia as the first move towards controlling the whole of the Nile, but at any rate Ethiopia was to be the first acquisition, for bargaining purposes. The dispatch of additional troops to Libya, and the stirring up of unrest in Egypt are indication of the means that might be used more strenuously some day, and would serve as menaces to-day.

The treaty of 1906 provides for consultation between England, France and Italy before any infringement of Ethiopian territory is recognised, and gives every right to France to consult with Italy, the more so as it has been duly registered at Geneva. France has used this right in a way that is certainly astute. The three Powers are the leading authorities in the Mediterranean, and are jealous of any attempt to establish a one-Power control. Il Duce has announced his intention to make the Mediterranean "an Italian lake." It is therefore practically impossible for either France or England to take separate action. M. Laval, placed in a cleft stick, has agreed to sanctions, but inaugurated negotiations from time to time, which have given Italy the chance of laying in stores that have made her almost independent of sanctions, and now has produced a scheme that gives Italy all that she has a chance of conquering and holding. Sir Samuel Hoare had no option but to pass this on to the League for consideration, when France had definitely refused to support the only effective embargo — oil. With France on her side or neutral, and Italy prepared to fight to protect oil imports, the alternative was for England to fight alone against the Italian Fleet, for no other State was willing to support "military sanctions." It is a tangled skein, but what else would his critics have done? Mr. Baldwin was justified in saying that if he had a chance of speaking freely he would have the unanimous support of Italy was to protect Austria the Home of Commons.

### Here There and Everywhere

#### ABYSSINIA'S "A'S"

Nearly all the Abyssinian place names in the news seem to begin with an "A", for instance:

Addis Ababa, Adowa, Aksum, Assele, Asusa, Adigrat, Awash, Agame.

The explanation may be that Amharic, being originally a Semitic language, requires initial vowels to soften consonants.

Practically all the Semitic and similar languages—Arabic, Persian, Hindostani—use an "A" before an initial "s" or "c" before double consonants.

Ever since recorded history began Palestinian, Arabian and Indian tongues have found such words hard to pronounce. The Biblical use of the password "shibboleth" is but one example.

#### "I-SHINKS"

Thus to-day Constantinople has to be Istanbul because Sтамبول is too difficult for Turkish tongues.

In India the prefixing of an "I" to English names produces some queer results. Hastings becomes "I-Shinkins" and it is said that a brother of one Lord Hastings who visited India became transformed from the "Honourable Mr. Hastings" to "Orrible I-Shinkins."

The prefixing or the suffixing of the "I" to break up consonantal combinations uncouth to Oriental ears is illustrated by the following verse put into the mouth of an Indian cook:

What will Master please to take?  
Mutton chop or beef i-sideak?  
Master having something new,  
Master having Irish i-shink?

### Your Daily Smile!

**DIDN'T KNOW**  
"Say, it's about time that you settled down and took a wife."  
"I'd like to, but I don't know whose wife to take."

**AMERICAN VIEWPOINT**  
"Why do these titled foreigners give themselves so many airs?"  
"Because we give them so many beireases."

**AT LAST**  
Little Girl: "Mother, you know that old vase you said has been handed down from generation to generation?"  
Mother: "Yes, dear."  
Little Girl: "Well, this generation has dropped it."

## FIGHTING THE WHITE SCOURGE

### SPAHLINGER'S VITAL RESEARCHES

#### FREEING CHILDREN FROM A "PERPETUAL MENACE"

(By H. H. The Aga Khan)

THE recent publication by the Government of Northern Ireland of its report on the Spahlinger vaccine against bovine tuberculosis should have far-reaching results, and bring its discoverer, Henry Spahlinger, the long-delayed recognition he so well deserves.

Let us hope that it also means the beginning of the end of tuberculosis in human beings.

The compulsory adoption of this vaccine would undoubtedly save thousands of lives. It is not generally realised that a very high percentage of tuberculosis in human beings is due to an infection contracted in childhood through tuberculous milk.

#### Compulsory For Cattle

It is evident, therefore, that if the world's milk supply can be kept free from Koch's bacilli the incidence of the disease will be considerably reduced, even among adults, while so far as children are concerned it will be practically wiped out.

At once the importance of the Spahlinger vaccine becomes apparent. Over 32,000 people die of tuberculosis every year in England alone, and by making use of the vaccine compulsory for cattle the death-rate among human beings suffering from this disease must diminish considerably.

With cattle immune against tuberculosis, children would be free from what is now a perpetual menace. No longer could babies be fed on milk infected with this tubercle germ that condemns them to suffer from tuberculous joints and twisted spines, which make life a misery. The use of this vaccine must be made compulsory.

#### Men Saved From Death

I am no scientist. But I have seen people die of tuberculosis. Then I heard of Spahlinger and his method of human treatment.

In 1925 a dear friend of mine was desperately ill with tuberculosis of the lungs and throat. I was told by several physicians that the case was beyond hope, but I was determined to help, and determined that the Spahlinger treat-

ment should be tried as a last chance.

I informed the doctors of my decision, and learned that the journey to Geneva would probably hasten the patient's end.

It did not. Spahlinger treated the patient, who gradually recovered and was finally cured. Two other people whom I knew intimately were treated by Spahlinger—both had been declared incurable. Both are alive to-day, enjoying perfect health.

#### Other Cases

I know of many other cases which Spahlinger has treated. Unfortunately, the preparation of the serum for the treatment of human tuberculosis is still very long, costly and difficult. But it is to be hoped that the work which he is carrying on will enable him soon to simplify his methods of production, so that the serum will come within the reach of all.

Important as is the treatment of tuberculous patients, it is the preventive vaccine, however, that will eventually stamp out tuberculosis. The old adage that "prevention is better than cure" finds here its full meaning.

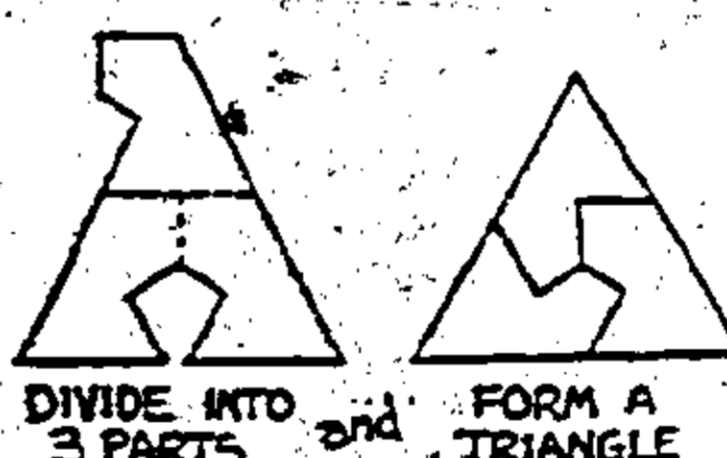
#### Early Experiments

I have followed Spahlinger's early experiments on immunising cattle against tuberculosis, and I know all about the success of the tests made in Norfolk, the results of which were made public by me. And now, when I read the results of the official tests in Northern Ireland, I firmly believe that tuberculosis in cattle can be completely eradicated, and with it the infection of millions of human beings throughout the world.

Let us hope now that the criticism which has been poured on the head of Henry Spahlinger will disappear so that he may be free to pursue his researches in other fields, and finally, perhaps, live to see the white scourge a thing of the past.

Let England show the way to the world; let her share with Northern Ireland the honour of stamping out tuberculosis.

"BELIEVE IT OR NOT" by Robert L. Ripley



DIVIDE INTO 3 PARTS and FORM A TRIANGLE



A POTATO  
GREW INTO THE SHAPE OF A  
**DINOSAUR**  
Raised by O. C. NELSON  
Jamestown, N.Y.



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AND  
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FROM SWISS  
OUT-OF-REACHES  
FORNERS OF GUNS  
& SHOTGUNS

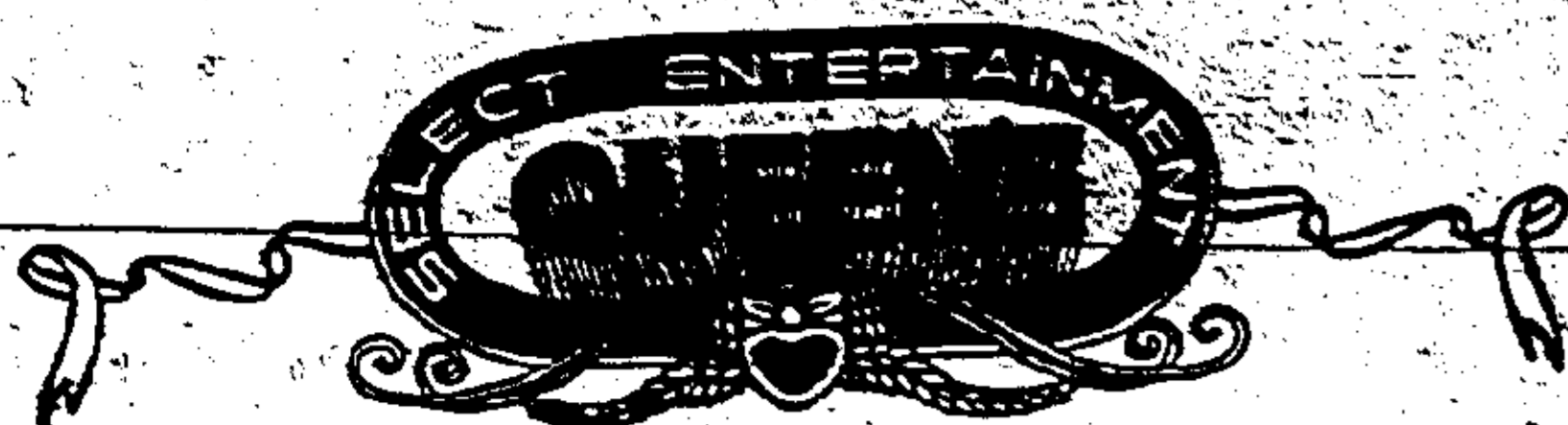












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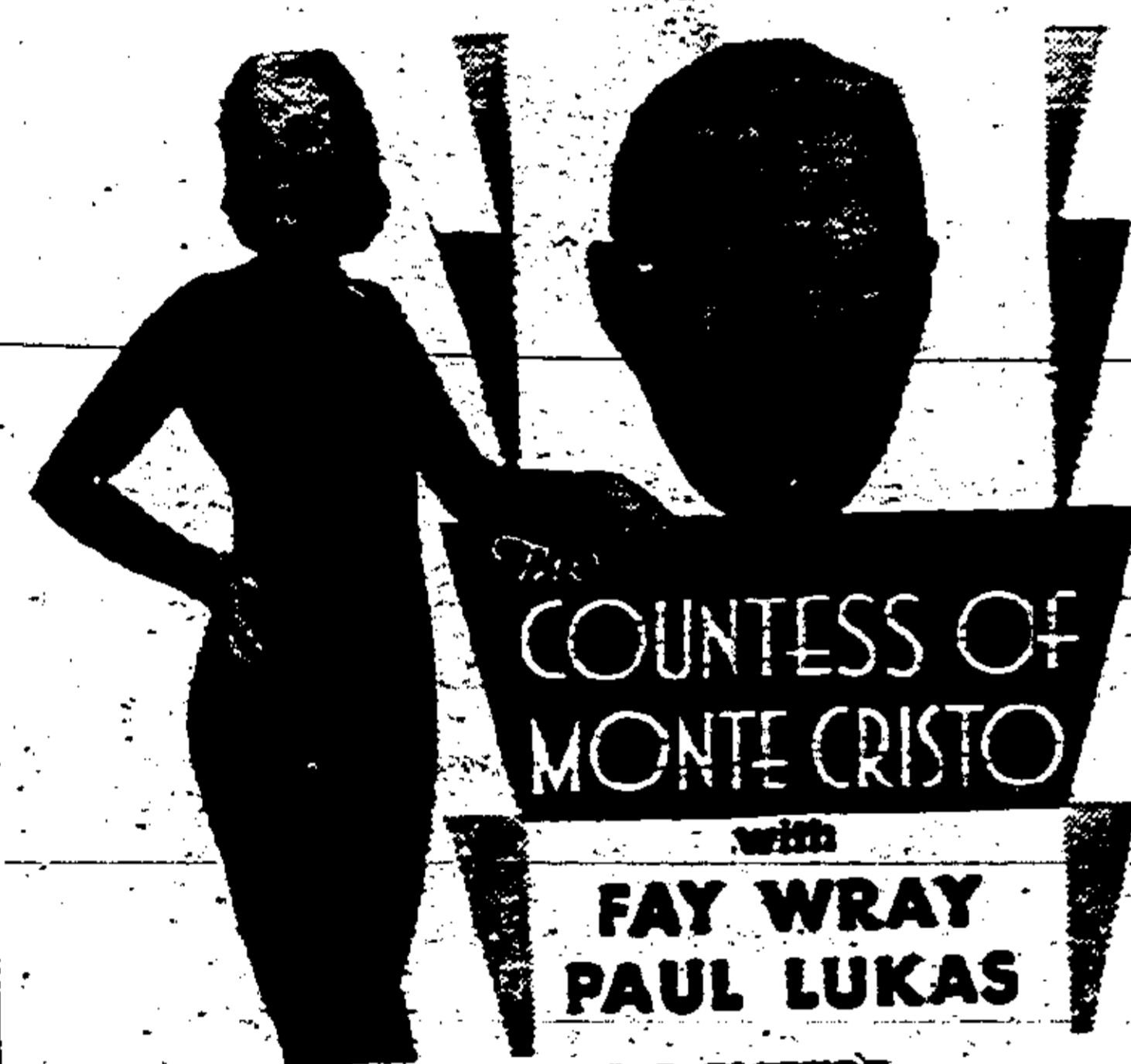
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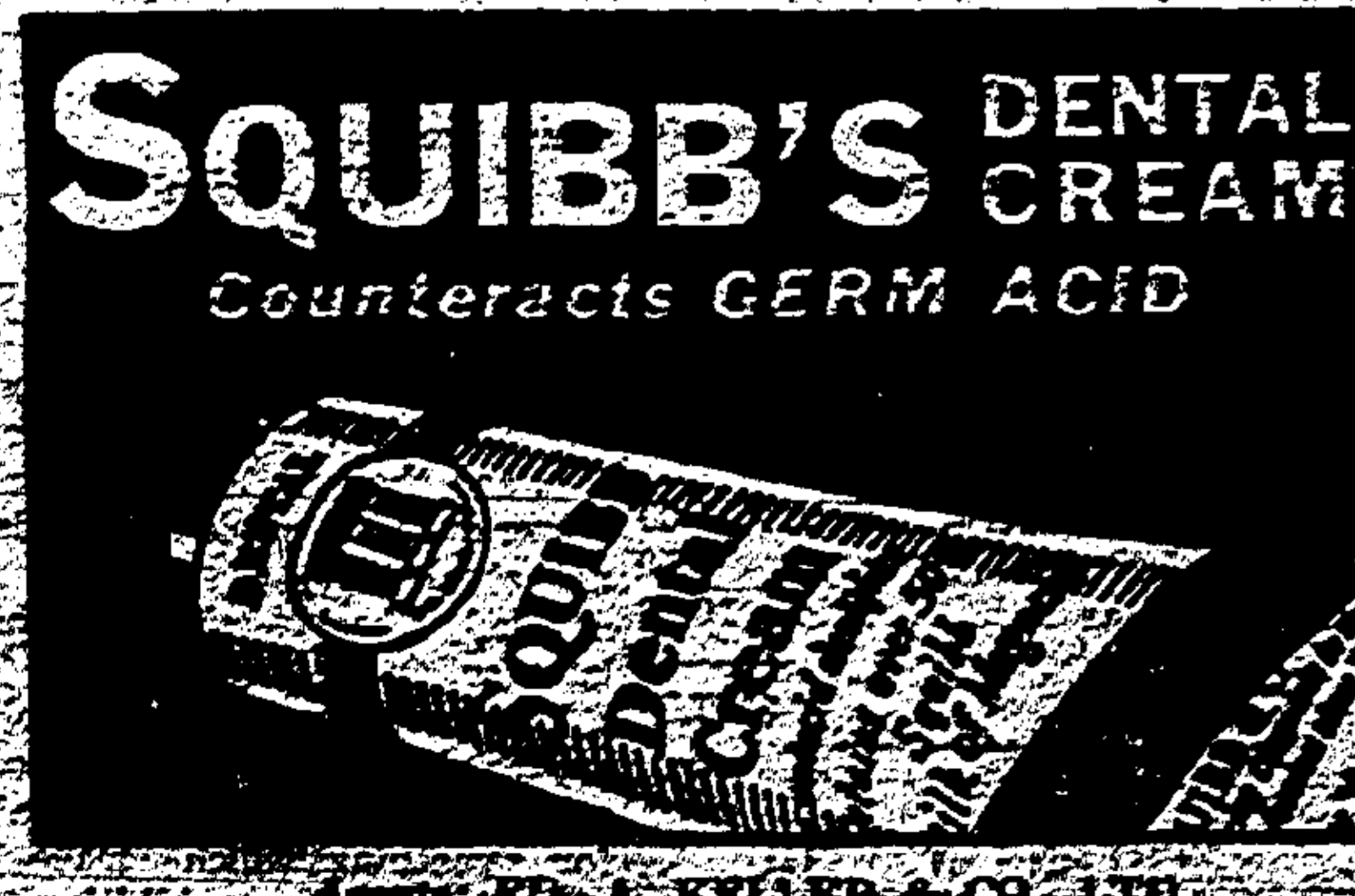
FAY WRAY  
PAUL LUKAS

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE  
NEXT CHANGE  
EDMUND LOWE IN "MR. DYNAMITE"

ORIENTAL  
THEATRE

LAST 4 TIMES  
TO-DAY  
THE SEASON'S  
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PRODUCTION

TO-MORROW & THURSDAY  
ANOTHER WARNER BROS  
SENSATION



## BLUE-BLACK BATH

Curious Accident In  
Copenhagen

"CHINA MAIL" SPECIAL  
Copenhagen, To-day.  
An unusual accident, the after-effects of which were fortunately none too serious but may take some time to eradicate, occurred here yesterday, when the 4-year-old daughter of a local ink manufacturer fell into a vat containing 100 gallons of ink.

The child was successfully fished out and appeared none the worse for her ink bath, but since her whole body was stained a deep blue-black, it was thought advisable to take her to hospital to let the doctors decide the best method of restoring her original complexion.—Trans-Ocean Service.

## POLITICS IN SPAIN

Present Cortes To Be  
Dissolved

"CHINA MAIL" SPECIAL  
Madrid, To-day.  
At the suggestion of the Premier, Don Portela Valladares, the President of the Republic has adjourned the Cortes until December 27, when Parliament will probably be dissolved.

Under the constitution the new Cabinet is granted a period of 15 days before being obliged to present itself before Parliament. Since the Government is supported only by a minority in the present Cortes, the dissolution of the latter is considered a foregone conclusion, in which case elections will be held in the middle of February next.—Trans-Ocean Service.

## KING SOL STAGES A COMEBACK

Warner Spell In  
Canton

Canton, To-day.  
After being obscured by clouds raised by the cold northerly winds, the sun staged a gallant comeback yesterday afternoon and turned its warm rays on Canton city. The cold wind died down after playing havoc among the poor people during the week-end.

The sunshine was heartily welcomed by everybody in Canton as a contrast to the dreary cold weather and lowering skies. The weather is likely to be warm and moderate for the next 24 hours. Six persons died of cold during the past four days. The charitable institutions gave hot congee and warm padded clothes to poor people.—Union News.

## WEATHER REPORT

The anti-cyclone has weakened considerably and moved rapidly into the Pacific; to the North-east of the Bonins, another anti-cyclone has developed over China, and pressure is again highest to the north of the Yangtze valley. A sharp depression covers the coast of North and North-east China, and the cold front has moved to the north of the coast of the Yellow Sea. The cold front has moved to the north of the coast of the Yellow Sea. The cold front has moved to the north of the coast of the Yellow Sea.

## KING GEORGE'S SUCCESS IN GREECE

Republicans Won Over

"CHINA MAIL" SPECIAL  
Athens, To-day.  
That King George II. is the statement made editorially by one of the leading Republican organs, the newspaper 'Acropolis', yesterday. The paper goes on to say that the King has succeeded in enlisting the sympathies of the broad masses and represents a model type of crowned head of a democratic State.—Trans-Ocean Service.

## "MEIN KAMPF"

Passages Objected To  
By Chinese

Berlin, To-day.  
An informal Chinese protest has been made against passages in Herr Hitler's book 'Mein Kampf'. It is understood that the Chinese Minister, Mr. Liu Chung-chieh, over the week-end, informally conversed with the Secretary of State, Herr Funk, Dr. Goebbels's deputy at the Ministry of Propaganda, and drew attention to certain passages, including a reference to 'negroes and Chinese' in the same phrase. He pointed out that such passages were considered objectionable by a large section of the Chinese people.

Herr Funk replied cordially that Herr Hitler never wished to hurt the feelings of the great Chinese people, for whom the Germans had nothing but the highest esteem. It is understood that he promised that Herr Hitler would withdraw or amend the passage mentioned in the next edition.—Reuter.

## DEMONSTRATIONS IN PEIPING

(Continued from Page 1)

ARITOSH'S DEPARTURE  
Shanghai: Mr. Aritoshi left for Nanking by the night express.  
Mr. Wei Tao-ming, former Minister of Justice, has returned from a tour of Europe. He is leaving soon for Nanking to report on the condition of Mr. Hu Han-min.—Reuter.

## Students Meeting In Canton

## CIRCULAR TELEGRAM ISSUED

Canton, To-day.  
The faculty members and students of Sun Yat Sen University called another meeting yesterday to discuss the problem of what further steps should be taken to deal with the aggression in North China. A number of resolutions were passed and it was decided that a circular telegram be issued at once.

Also, a circular was dispatched by the faculty and students of the Lingnan University strongly denouncing the 'Yin-Yo-kang' anonymous 'Government in North China' Military forces, the Lingnan faculty and students urged should be employed to put down the aggression and preserve the territorial integrity of China. A similar nature was also sent to the Students Union in Peking and the Chinese.

## CLAIM FOR \$866.68

Interest Due Under  
Mortgage

JUDGMENT FOR PLAINTIFFS  
WITH COSTS

The Hon. Sir William Shenton, and Mr. M. H. Turner, of Messrs. Deacons, were the plaintiffs in an action brought before the Acting Judge, Mr. Justice J. I. Haydon, in the Summary Division of the Supreme Court this morning. The claim was for \$866.68, being the interest due under a mortgage of August 4, 1934, on a principal of \$40,000 at a rate of 16 2/3 per cent. per annum.

The defendant was Mr. Choy Wai-hung (of the Hong Kong Trading Co.).

The plaintiffs were represented by Mr. A. Mackinlay, of Messrs. Deacons, while Mr. C. E. R. Sanderson, of Russ & Co., appeared for the defendant.

Mr. W. C. Hung, of Messrs. Deacons, entered the witness box and was questioned regarding the transaction by Mr. Sanderson.

After witness had been cross-examined at length on correspondence between his firm and Messrs. Russ and Co., who are appearing for the defendant, Mr. Sanderson stated his case.

Counsel said that there was no dispute that the interest was in arrears and that his client had guaranteed this interest.

## Defence's Main Point

The main point for the defence was that a guarantor was a person not without certain rights and was not to be "milked" by the person he guaranteed. The principal creditor had been in possession of the securities backing up the mortgage.

As soon as the guarantor had paid anything on the interest, it was up to the principal creditor to have returned to the guarantor or assigned to him the securities in exactly the same state that they were in at the time of the guarantee.

The security in this case was a mortgage involving certain rights including the sale of property or the collection of rents by a re-entry. It followed by payment under the guarantee that the securities and the right to collect the rent and probably the transfer of the mortgage, to enable him to recover what he had paid.

After Mr. McKinley had addressed the Court, His Lordship said: "I do not consider that the authorities quoted by Mr. Sanderson have any bearing on this case, as on the evidence before me I am satisfied that the plaintiffs are not guilty of neglect and I accordingly award judgment for the plaintiffs with costs."

## CONVENT NUNS FIGHT FLAMES

Girls Sleep While  
Fire Burns

London: Nuns fought an outbreak of fire at Blackpool Roman Catholic Convent at Layton recently. A science mistress who discovered the outbreak, which was in a loft, rushed out in her night clothes to give the alarm.

As there was no light in the loft, members of the staff stood in the smoke-filled room with electric torches while their colleagues put out flames.

Sixty-five girls, who were sleeping below the loft, were not aroused.

## "TRAVELLING HOSPITALS" FOR CANTON

Canton, To-day.  
The Bureau of Public Health has drafted a scheme according to which auto-buses, equipped with medicines and carrying doctors, will visit the poor districts of the city and give free medical care and consultation to the poor. Henceforth the city will be able to witness the presence of a great number of these "travelling hospitals."—Central Press.

Education Society in Manila for the Central Government to take radical steps in coping with the epidemic situation in North China.—Central Press.



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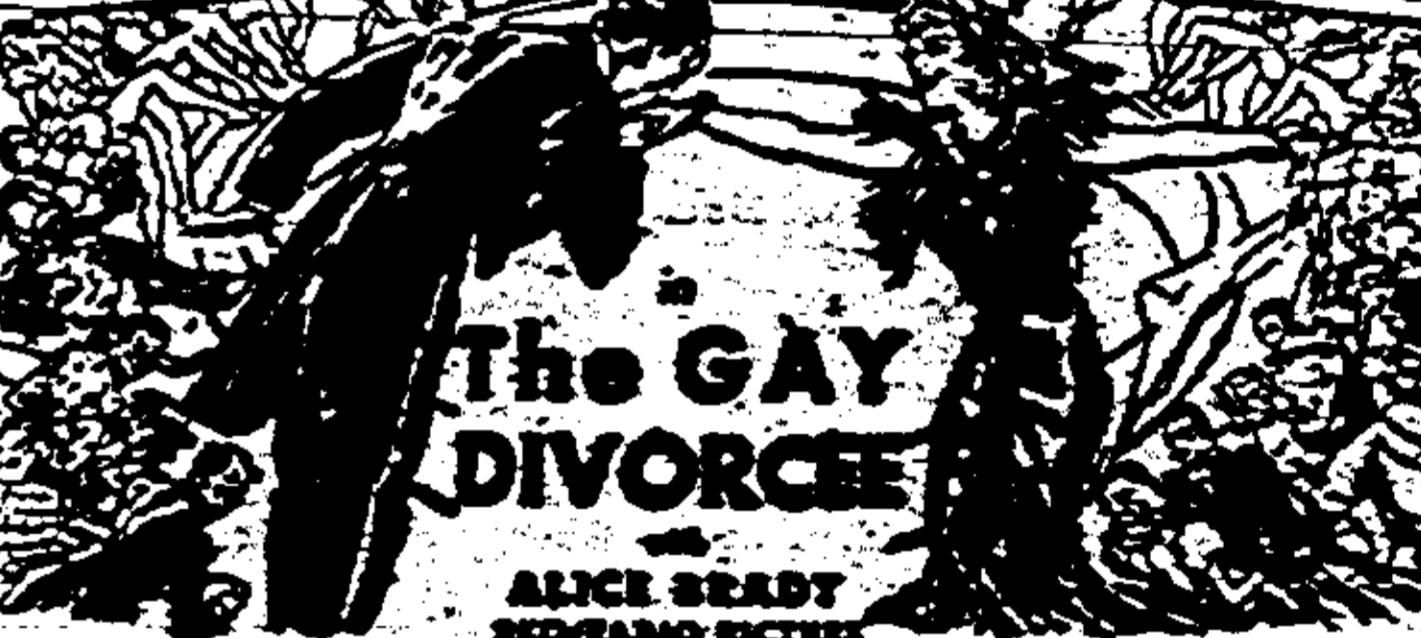
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## LORD DE CLIFFORD TRIAL IN LORDS

Questions Asked In  
Commons

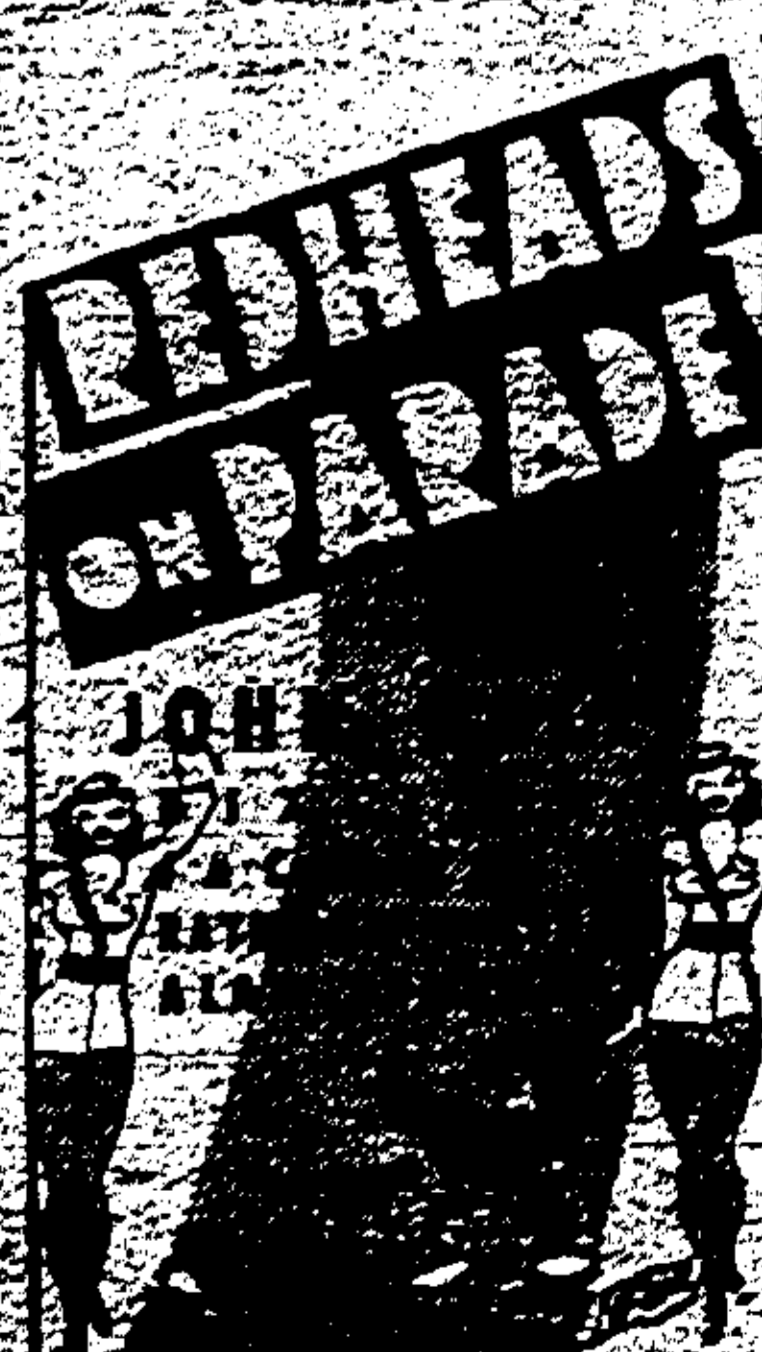
London, To-day.  
Replying in the House of Commons yesterday to questions arising out of the trial in the House of Lords of Lord de Clifford on a charge of manslaughter, of which he was acquitted, the Attorney-General, Sir Thomas Inskip, stated that the estimated charge to public funds was about £700. He preferred to postpone his statement as to new legislation until the matter could be further considered.—British Wireless Service.

## NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT EXPELLED FROM GERMANY

Berlin, to-day.—The Berlin correspondent of the Danish newspaper 'Politiken', Herr Thorwald Steinthal, has been expelled from Germany at short notice, according to an official announcement. Herr Steinthal had repeatedly sent anti-Nazi and anti-German articles to his newspaper. He was expelled for "inciting to hatred against the German people."—Trans-Ocean Service.

## KINGS

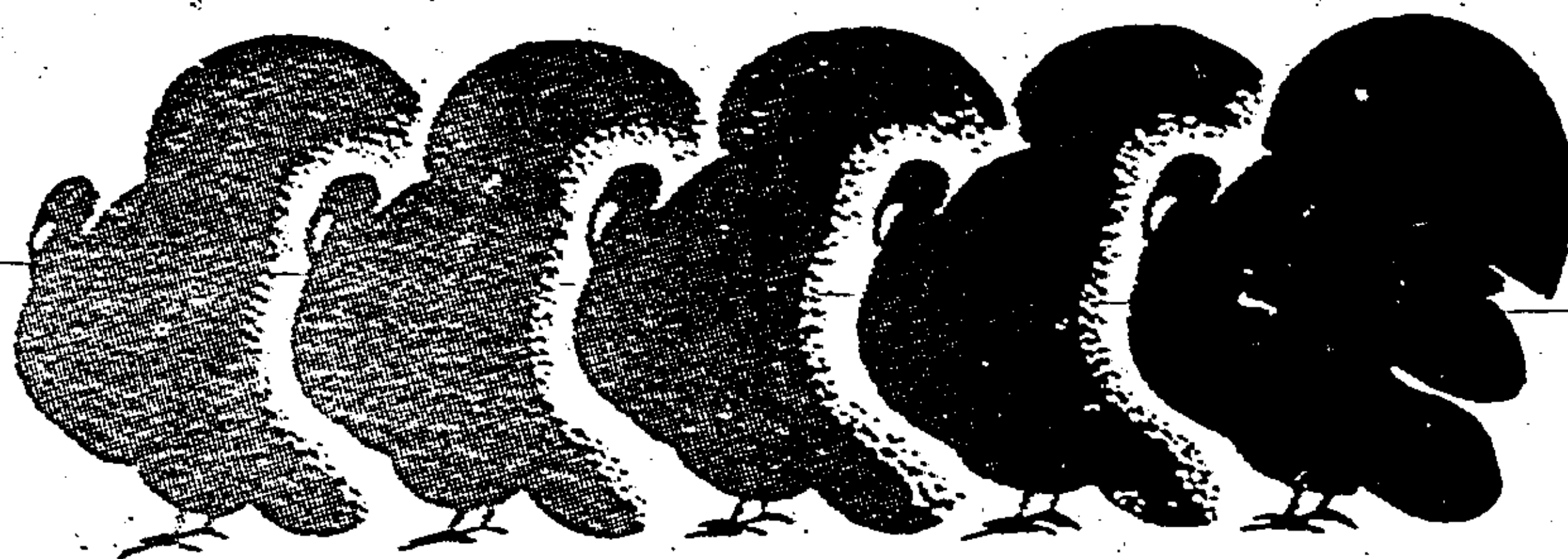
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OF JOY!



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New From Hollywood  
TO-MORROW  
KING OF THE KINGS  
KING OF THE KINGS  
KING OF THE KINGS

# China Mail

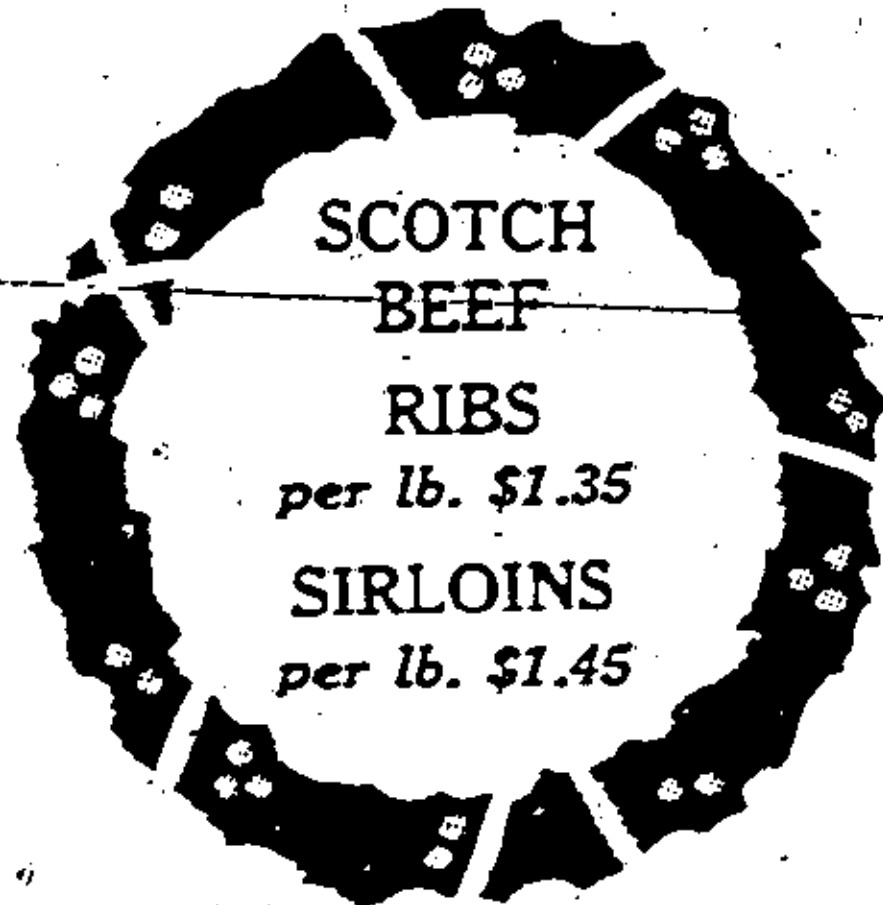




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FED AT POKFULUM  
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TURKEYS ..... from 85 cts. per lb.  
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9-16 lbs. 70 cts. per lb.  
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PRIME AUSTRALIAN BEEF  
per lb. per lb.  
Ribs ..... 36 cts. Ribs Boneless... 40 cts.  
Sirloins ..... 42 " Sirloins ..... 45 "  
AUSTRALIAN LAMB  
Legs ..... 54 cts. per lb. Shoulders... 35 cts. per lb.



The Dairy Farm, Ice & Cold Storage Co., Ltd.

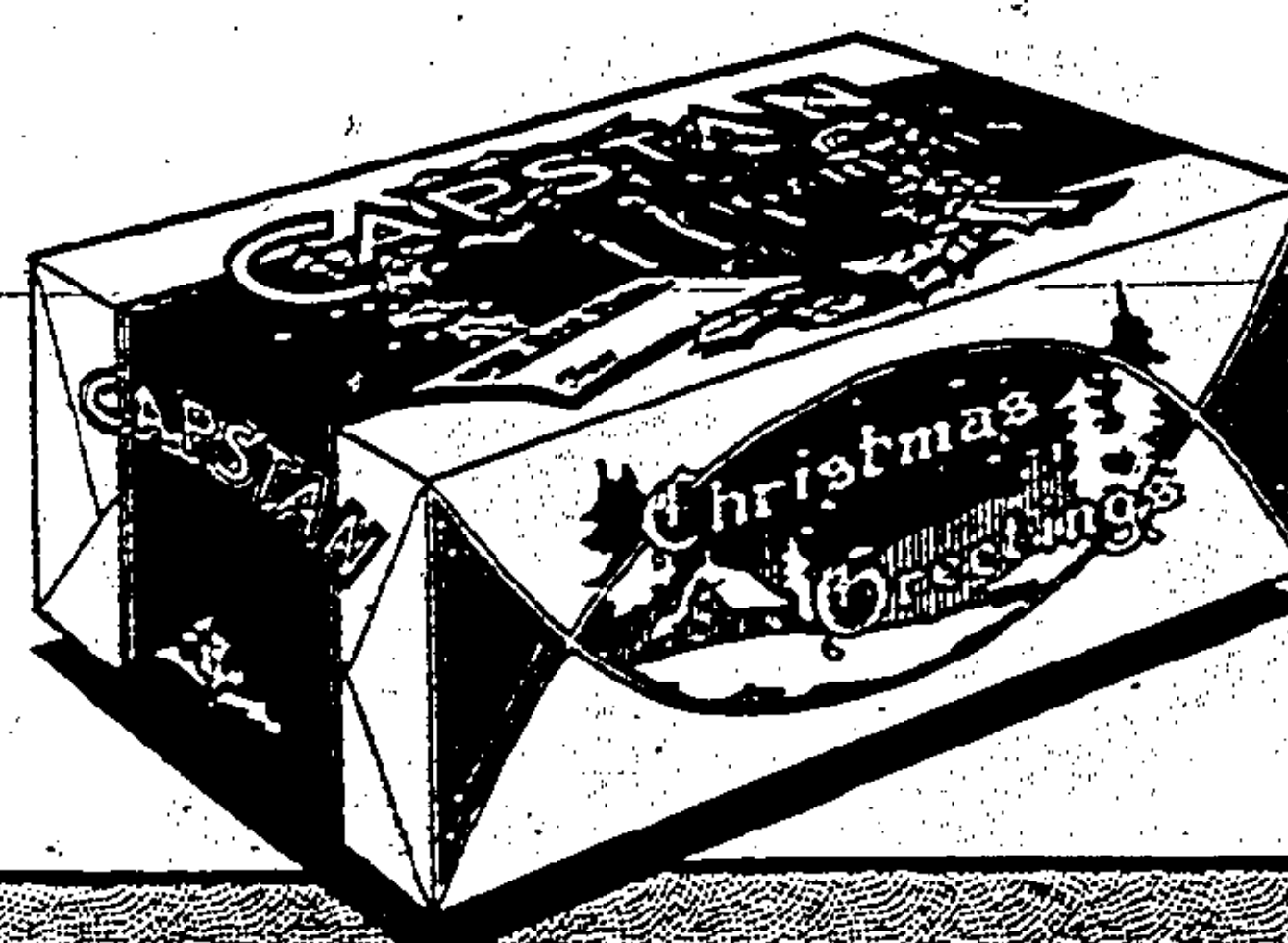


# YOUR GIFT PROBLEM SOLVED

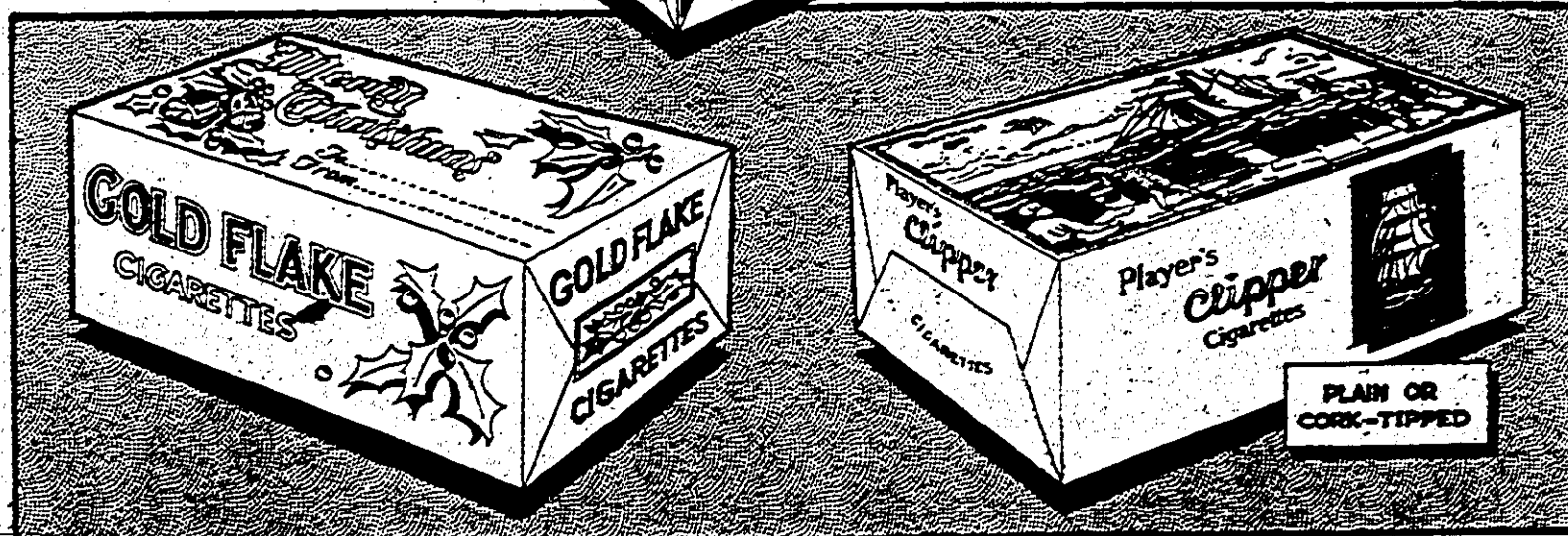
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(300 CIGARETTES)  
IN EACH  
GIFT BOX



6 TINS  
(300 CIGARETTES)  
IN EACH  
GIFT BOX



# "A HAPPY CHRISTMAS"

by

Rev. Father George Byrne, S.J.

**CHOOSING CHRISTMAS CARDS**—but appropriate ones—is a December occupation. I was thinking of it the other day and I began to linger over the word "appropriate." Appropriate to what? Evidently it should be appropriate to Christmas. We may, and we do, wish people happiness, prosperity, or any of the gifts that go to brighten life on their birthday or on any other day of the year, but on this day we wish them a "Happy Christmas." There is a depth of meaning in the word Christmas: is there not a danger that, in these our days, when we move so much on the snail's pace, we may forget—we may even lose the power—to sound the depths?

In an old diary of a Naval Chaplain, one Henry George, is the entry: "At Sea, 1875.

Christmas Day we'll keep thus . . . at ten we go to prayers and sermon; text: Zech. IX. 9." The text expounded to the Naval men that morning was "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Jerusalem: Behold thy King will come to thee, the just and saviour: He is poor, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass."

The first Christmas morning the world was very sick. No doubt there was peace, the great Augustan peace. The war temple of Janus was closed. To measure peace there was no other standard except war or no war. We who are war-sick may think that the standard was a good one. But is it? Do we not know only too well that the doors of the war temple fly open at the pressing of a button. They close only when men of good will all combine to close them. In the days of the Augustan peace how many men of good will were to be found? The yoke of slavery pressed heavily on unnumbered masses. Their cry of distress went up to show that there could be no abiding peace in the hearts of men, who knew not love, for they knew not sympathy. No! The world of apparent peace was broken. It was sick unto death. It needed a physician. It was "seated in darkness." It needed above all things Light.

Light came at Christmas. Before the Light came a heavenly song: the song of Angels. Not all heard the song. Shepherds heard it. They followed the Angel lead, and they found what the world wanted. They found love. They found the Mother and the Child. They understood the meaning of the song "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will." The beautiful Gospel narrative tells us that "they understood of the word"; but the others wondered. There were sceptics in those days, as there are sceptics in ours. And the sceptic seems to prefer the dim rays of uncertainty to the penetrating rays of light, above all of Heavenly Light: "and the light shined in darkness, and the darkness did not comprehend it."

There were the philosophers. Athens and Rome had brilliant schools. Yet they had no message. As of old Balaam summoned his wise men to read the fatal writing on the wall: "then, came all the King's wise men, but they could neither read the writing nor declare the interpretation to the King." They were agnostics in the one thing that mattered: they could not explain the riddle of life, for their own lives were frittered away in idle speculations: they were sowing the seeds of war in the fields of opposing speculations.

On the Court of another King the message of Light suddenly shone. This time his wise men were able to interpret the message. Yes! It was written in the books. "Thou Bethlehem the land of Juda art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come

(Continued on Page 29)

# Christmas Messages

## "IT HAPPENED"

BY THE RT. REV. R. O. HALL,  
Bishop Of Hong Kong

**CHRISTMAS** is real. A babe was born at Bethlehem. He lived. He died. He came back on Easter Day a living Spirit to lead men to victory.

Christmas is real or it is nothing. If Christmas is not real, if Bethlehem is not true but one more tale of men's desiring, there is no God.

If Christmas is not true there is no God. So men are free, free to make the world they will or can. If there is no God the world is ours and we can mould it to our choosing. If there is no God then there is no Christmas, no babe at Bethlehem, no hope for Scrooge or Little Tim. If Christmas is not true there is no God and men are free to make the world they will or can. But to take Christmas from

the world is to make it worse than it is now.

Our fathers in their youth were mesmerized by science. Like a child with a new toy they could think of nothing else. Everything, says science, can be explained. Christmas and all Christmas means can be explained in diagrams and numbers and strange assorted letters. Christmas can be weighed in the balance and found romantic, amusing, a pleasant pastime but unreal. Our generation is more fortunate. Science, faithful to its true spirit of humility, says now she is not so sure. There is more than measuring, counting, weighing, analysing, tabulating. So Christmas stands

(Continued on Page 29)

## THE JOY OF CHRISTMAS

by

REV. J. R. HIGGS,

Vicar Of St. Andrew's Church

**ONCE** again Christmas will soon be here and we shall all, young and old, rich and poor, endeavour to have a merry time. The holly and mistletoe will be put up (if we can get any), the shops will be besieged with buyers and nightseers, every one will be sending Christmas cards and wishing us a "Happy Christmas," the children will be wondering what they will have in their "Christmas stockings" and most people will be sending and receiving presents. Our ordinary humdrum life will have a magic touch about it, and we shall all be temporarily mad (or perhaps temporarily sane, according to our point of view). For a few days at the end of each year we are all transported to another world—a world of make-believe and happy, light-hearted gaiety.

There is a Danish fable which tells how a spider once slid down on a single thread of web from the lofty rafters of a barn and made his home on a lower level. There he caught many flies, grew sleek and prospered. One day he noticed the single thread that stretched up to the Unseen above him. "What is that for?" he said, and snapped it, and all his web collapsed. The tragedy of Christendom to-day is that it accepts the good things that Christianity has given it, but forgets their source and refuses to acknowledge the Giver. Whatever is good to-day in Western civilisation is due to the Spirit of Christ working in the hearts of men. These "good" things include our Festivals. Unfortunately it is necessary to-day to remind people that Christmas is a Christian Festival. It is our Christian Birthday Party. Our gladness, gaiety, festivities, greetings, presents and merriment should not be due primarily to our own desire for these things, but because we are happy about Jesus Christ—about His birthday. Strictly speaking, no one has a right to join in the Christmas festivities who is not a Christian. It is merely "gate-crashing." It is like coming to a party to which you have not been invited. Christian people are happy and gay at Christmas because, and only because, it is the birthday of Jesus—the event to which all history pointed and to which all history will look back.

But I have no desire at this happy season to divide the world into the "sheep and the goats." Why cannot we all try to make our Christmas a religious one this year—to put Christ first on His birthday? Many people have no idea of the joy they are missing by refusing to give life a Christian interpretation. Mistakenly they look on religion as rather dull and uninteresting, forgetting that Christianity has given us the most joyous festivals of the year, Easter, Whitsun and Christmas. There could not be anything very dull and gloomy about a religion that gave us Christmas!

It has been said that "every man is an idealist imprisoned in a materialist." "Lord I believe, help Thou my unbelief" is another way of expressing it. No man, really irreligious; we are all at various stages of becoming religious. There is the "divine spark" within us all. As the joy of another Christmas comes flooding into our hearts reminding us of the most beautiful story in the world—of God's Son Who came to earth as a little baby to bring fresh hope and love and peace and joy to a cynical and strife-ridden world, why cannot we determine to let the "idealist" in us control our lives and live throughout the year for those values we recognize and enjoy at this sacred Christmas season? When our lives become shot through with happy and

(Continued on Page 29)



## - The Three Kings -

O'er the hill and o'er the vale,  
Come three kings together,  
Caring not for snow and  
hail,

Cold and wet and weather;  
Now on Persia's sandy plains,  
Now where Tigris swells with  
raids,

They their camels tether;  
Now through Syrian lands they  
go,

Now through Moab, faint and  
slow,

Now o'er Edom's heather.

O'er the hill and o'er the vale,  
Each king bears a present;  
Wise Men go a Child to hail,  
Monarchs seek a Peasant;

And a star in front proceeds,  
Over rocks and rivers leads,  
Shines with beams incessant;  
Therefore onward, onward  
still!

For the stream and climb the  
hill;

Love makes all things pleasant.

J. M. NEALE.

# China Mail

CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT ★ DECEMBER 18, 1935

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## CONTENTS

	Page
Christmas Messages .....	2
Charm of Candle Light .....	4
Christmas Moon .....	5
Unconditional Surrender .....	6
The Show Window .....	7
Christmas in Other Lands .....	8
The Fighting Steward .....	9
Toyland .....	10
Christmas Candles .....	11
The Way of a Sailor .....	12
Treasure Island? .....	13
The Two Promises .....	14
A Ticket to Budapest .....	15
Christmas Crackers .....	21
That Christmas Spirit .....	25
Children's Corner .....	31
Cats and Cabbages .....	32



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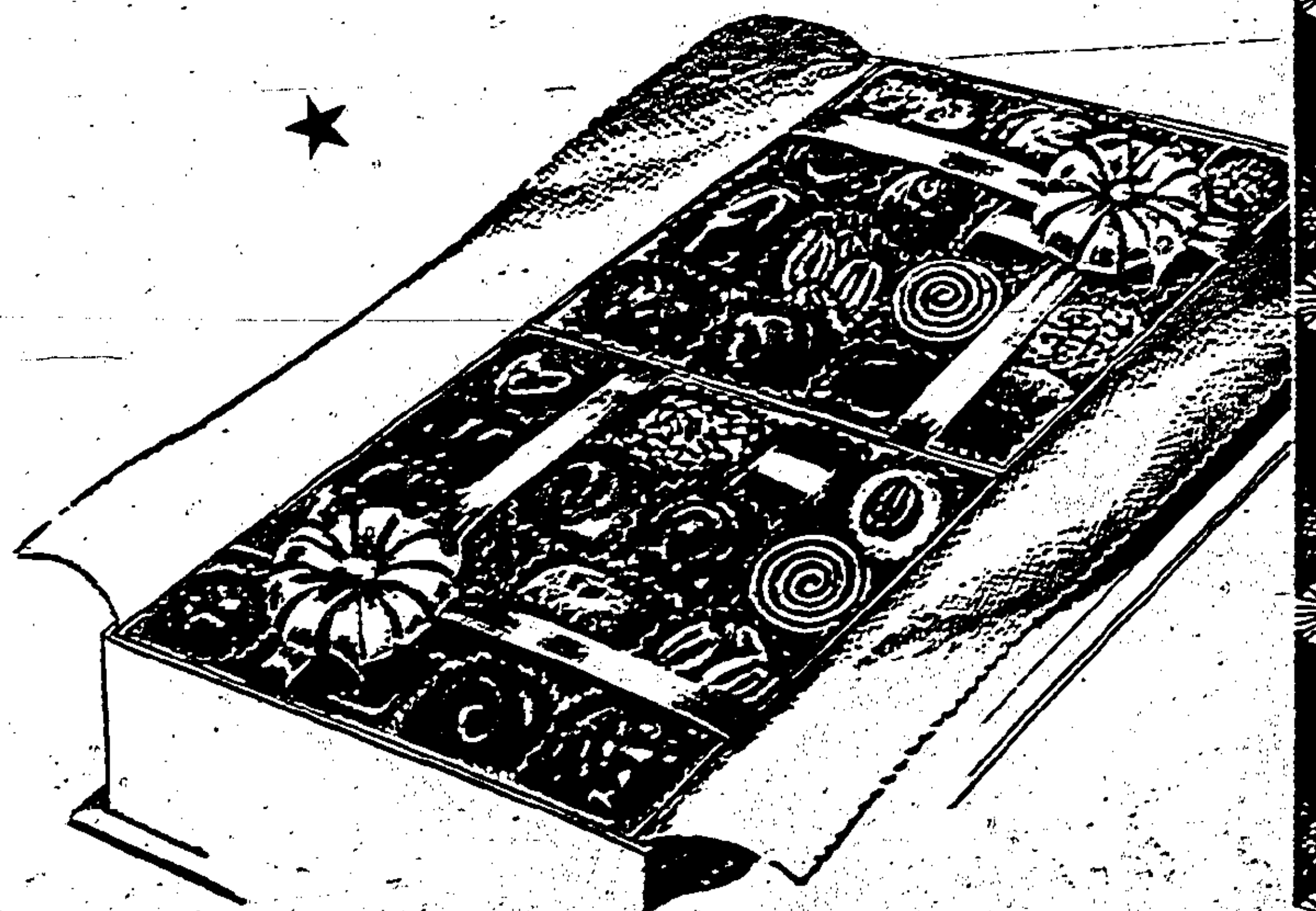
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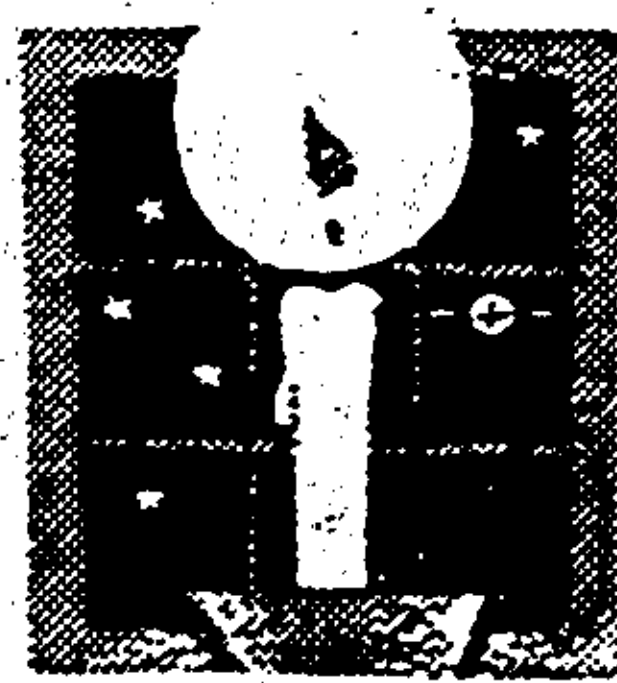
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NESS.



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## CHARM OF CANDLE LIGHT

THE number of candles and candle-sticks displayed in the shops to-day prove that utility will never banish charm. Why the flame of a candle should appeal more to the imagination than electric light it is hard to say, but the fact remains that we turn on the electric light, which is one of the greatest of mysteries, and take it for granted, while the pale candle-flame sets us dreaming. Electric light has become as familiar to us as air and water, and we only think about it when it fails, but the simple little candle retains all its magic perhaps because, it is simple we know how it is made, and we feel and partly understand the emotions it stirs in us.

### Thrill Of The Candle

If there were no beautiful, touching, terrible, or thrilling sights in the world we should seldom do anything but eat, drink, work and die. The candle has a thrill in it, something provocative, and a great deal of beauty. On a festive dinner table, in a dark barn, in a church, or in a cottage window it is always inspiring, and manufacturers, who seem to be guided by instinct, are making beautiful candles and candlesticks to-day evidently because we need them.

One of the oldest of religious ceremonies is the Feast of Candles, which, after the Christian era, became known as Candlemas Day, and this falls on the second

of February. It is impossible to say who invented the candle, but the Romans used candles made of string surrounded by wax, and it was their custom to burn them to Februa, the mother of Mars, during the month of February which was called after her. Februa was a special name given to Juno, the queen of heaven, when she presided over the purification of women, and the candles were supposed to keep evil spirits from harming woman-kind. When Mary of Nazareth presented the Infant Jesus in the temple, according to ancient custom, it was natural for her to offer candles, and, after a time this pagan festival was called Candlemas, as well as the Purification, in the Christian Church. Februa was forgotten; only the name of a month in the calendar remains to her memory, and the Virgin Mary has taken her place.

### Symbolic Of Prayer

Christmas candles—which were candles placed in windows in memory of the journey of the Holy Family; Candlemas candles, candles carried at funerals, weddings, and feasts were all symbolic of prayers and thought carried heavenwards, and each was regarded as a talisman against evil. Perhaps it is because the candle has comforted mankind for such countless ages, and lighted his darkness in so many ways, that it still retains its romance, its simple appeal, and its charm.

## CHRISTMAS

We all become children at Christmas,  
As if to a prearranged plan,  
And for twenty-four hours the  
whole world forgets  
The everyday troubles of man.

We all love the soft, furtive  
creakings  
In our bedrooms on each  
Christmas Eve,  
Dim figures that tip-toe in softly,  
Hang something, then silently  
leave.

We all wake at six in the mor-  
ning,  
Shaking dull sleep from our  
eyes,  
To fiddle with strings, bows, and  
ribbons,  
Amid shouts of delighted sur-  
prise.

We all know the joy of plum  
pudding  
(Though the temperature's  
sixty or more!),  
And we all seem to eat at one  
sitting  
Twice as much as the Christ-  
mas before.

We all know the crackling of  
bon-bons,  
The caps, the balloons, and the  
fun,  
And the pang of regret that  
comes creeping  
At the thought that one more  
year is done.

But we suddenly pause for an  
instant  
In the lull of a frivolous game,  
At the wonderful thought that  
our brothers  
The world over are doing the  
same.

DAVID McNICOLL

DARLING, since you've warn-  
ed me that  
Our funds are running low  
I've done so many helpful things  
I think you ought to know.  
I bought the cutest dollar bank;  
And when I saw a sale  
Of soap, I bought five dozen  
And I got a scrubbing pail!

I play for lower stakes at bridge  
But, honey, I confess  
I'm really worried—if I win  
I'm apt to win much less,  
I found a cheaper beauty shop;  
Before I buy a dress I stop  
And think about it. There!  
You see  
How well I've learned economy?

## A CHRISTMAS

By PHYLLIS JUBY

## MOON

PAUL King got up from his Christmas Eve supper. It had been a lonely affair this supper and he was glad now to move over to the comforting warmth of the fire. Well, he reflected, since he had decided to spend this evening alone he would make himself really comfortable. He turned off the bright light and sank into an easy chair beneath the soft glow of the reading lamp. The silver-lettered title of a book caught his eye: "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan." Yes, he mused as he settled down more comfortable into his chair. I must certainly visit Japan on my first short leave. He lit his cigar, wondering whether he had been wise to turn down the invitations he had received to dine out on this night. After all, was not Christmas Eve a time to enjoy gay company and dancing? Yet somehow he felt too conscious of the strangeness of this first Christmas in Hong Kong; he missed the congenial friends he had left at home, and the quiet, intimate company that pleased him. No, he was quite content to be sitting here before his fire, alone with his book and his musings.

The stone Kwan Yin seemed to smile at him as the firelight flickered over her handsome, solid face, and the little blue boys on the plate of the "Hundred Boys" pattern over the dark mantel-piece were friendly in their gestures. His eyes wandered on to his old favourite, the willow pattern plate. There was the dainty lady on the bridge, the house across the waters.... how bright the china gleamed in the firelight; how real and alive the patterned plate appeared. Fascinated he stared, while the plate seemed to grow larger and larger until it dominated the wall: round and gleaming. Was not the little lady in her poetic surroundings like the Chinese goddess in the moon?

Laughing, Paul leaned forward to stir up the fire. He would read now instead of indulging in these ridiculous fancies. Slowly he turned over the pages of his book: "The Moon." An essay written by a young Japanese boy. Interested, he read:

"The Moon appears melancholy to those who are sad, and joyous to those who are happy. The Moon makes memories of home to those who travel, and creates homesickness...."

Am I homesick? he wondered. No, surely.... after all I came out here by my own wish to do work that interests me and be near those things of China for which I have always cared. No, just a little melancholy perhaps, but not homesick.

"The sight of the Moon makes an immeasurable feeling in our hearts when we look up at it through the clear air of a beautiful night...."

Paul's eyes were once more upon the willow pattern plate. He saw the bamboos and the dis-



tant pagoda, and all the landscape behind was a far-away blue stretching out into immeasurable space.

"The refined man amuses himself with the Moon...."

Quaint, thought that—he amuses himself with the Moon. "He seeks some house looking out upon the water, to watch the Moon, and to make verses about it...."

A house looking out upon the water—there it was across the river on the willow pattern plate. There it stood, tall and lonely.... How large the plate gleamed; yes, it was growing bigger; bigger and bigger.... The water rippled beneath the moonlight and the girl on the bridge moved softly. The wind was playing gently with her long blue sleeves.... Bigger and bigger and bigger....

"O stranger!" the willow pattern girl exclaimed, "What are you doing here?"

"I seem to have heard somewhere that the refined man amuses himself with the moon," Paul replied. And he went on dreamily, "he seeks some house looking out upon water, to watch the Moon, and to make verses about it." The girl laughed. "How sentimental men are!" she exclaimed. "And when you have made your verses, what next?"

"Well, I hadn't thought of that yet. But do you not like poetry? Girls usually do. Why I knew a girl at home who used to cut out all the verses she found in papers and paste them in an album."

"The old-fashioned type," said the willow pattern girl, dismissing them with a wave of her long blue sleeve.

Paul looked surprised. "You are the willow pattern girl, are you not?" he asked.

"Yes I am," she said. "Why?"

"I am thinking of your story; your flight with your lover from an enraged father, and all that happened afterwards.—It is so full of poetry."

"Yes, because it is a story created by men of course," the willow pattern girl laughed. "In reality it was all very practical. My young man is very capable and will soon be earning good money! He will keep me well. All the rest is just the creation of poets. They must write poetry you know."

"This is queer," said Paul reflectively. "You see, I've had such sympathy with you. I've even envied your life together in the house across the water. Don't you ever make verses together about the Moon?"

The girl laughed again. "Not often," she said. "But why have you envied us?"

"Well," said Paul speaking dreamily and gazing out over the water, "there was a girl.... I wanted her to marry me and come out here, but she wouldn't do it. She wouldn't leave her home and all that was familiar to come out with me into a strange land. I felt that if she really loved me she would follow me to the ends of the earth. I would do that, and more, for her."

"The sentimental man again! But you really managed that very badly," the girl said. "You should have married her first and then talked about coming out here; she would have followed you then alright."

That idea had not struck Paul. He gazed at the girl in admiration.

"But as I said," she went on, "you men are always too sentimental; you thrive on dreams, but when it comes to realities your ideas are most inadequate."

"Perhaps you are right," said Paul. "If I had married her first we should have been here together now. How simple! Why didn't I think of it? Its all very well to have books and a warm fire, but that isn't enough. The important thing is to have someone to share them with."

"Well its too late now," the willow pattern girl was saying, "you'll have to think of another idea as good."

But Paul was not listening.

Once more his eyes were on the house across the water. "Yes," he murmured, "we would have had a home here together and...."

"And children I suppose," the girl finished for him. "Children are very important to Chinese men at any rate."

"Oh yes I've always liked children," Paul found himself saying, though he could not remember ever giving the matter a thought before. Eloquent, he went on, "Yes, we would certainly have had children; it's always good to have them around, climbing on your knee and asking amusing questions with big serious eyes."

"What an ideal picture! Children perhaps are not always the blessing you imagine. But if I had known you felt that way about them," the willow pattern girl began; then instead of finishing her sentence she turned to the plate of the "Hundred Boys" pattern. Paul turned too. The plate was growing and growing; large and round it gleamed, and its reflection danced on the water like a big white Moon.

"Come along young ones!" the girl cried, beckoning with her arms and laughing merrily.

And all of a sudden the hundred stout little Chinese boys came rushing with the force of a flood: falling, rolling and tumbling. They ran and they kicked and they somersaulted to the very edge of the bridge. Paul was surrounded by the clamouring, crying little boys. They touched him with sticky little hands, they called and shouted at him, they climbed on his back, pulled his hair and searched eagerly in his pockets. He felt pinned down, crushed and overwhelmed by all these children. Their round shaved heads bobbed up and down before him; boyant, numerous, astonishing in their energy. He tried to move but his limbs were bound by this weight and force of children; he looked beseechingly in the direction of the willow pattern girl, but she was laughing too much to notice. He must escape! One last desperate effort!....

Paul was sitting bolt upright in his chair as he opened his eyes. It was cold. The fire had burned low and the wind clinked the plates upon the wall. He looked down again at the book upon his lap.

"The Moon."

"That beautiful Lamp is neither yours nor mine, but everybody's...." "Well, I've certainly shared it to-night, Paul thought, and smilingly he looked up at the willow pattern lady and the "Hundred Boys" still friendly in their gestures.



# UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER

by  
Doreen Suttie



AS the giant liner Strathavon ploughed its way through the sparkling blue waters of the Indian Ocean, Arthur and Cecily Grant—returning from a holiday in Ceylon—reclined in long chairs in a secluded corner of one of the spacious decks; reveling in the luxurious inaction of the moment. Their mutual silence denoting perfect understanding and comradeship.

Arthur, having succumbed to the soothing motion of the ship, dozed.

Cecily, not having arrived at that blissful state, remained halfway between slumber and wakefulness; a condition wherein the mind goes wandering wherever it will. Dreamily, events floated through her mind from the present, right back through the six happy years of her marriage with Arthur. Back to the days of their engagement; and the one jarring note that had been struck to interfere with the harmony of their romance—by Arthur's father. A note of disapproval at his son's choice; when Cecily had been so eager for approval.

How disappointed she had been.

General Grant, a peppery old man of uncertain temperament—a state brought about, no doubt, by the hot curries indulged in, to the detriment of his lines, whilst commanding various regiments in India, over a period of many years—or so Cecily concluded—had taken a dislike to her from the beginning.

To the General, any member of the fair sex who rouged her lips and smoked must necessarily belong to a type—well! not to be desired as the wife of his only son. Cecily rouged and smoked; therefore he had been at no pains to hide his disapproval of her.

Had he chosen to study her, the General would have very quickly reversed his bigoted opinion, for Cecily was, apart from her attractive appearance, essentially well balanced.

Deep blue eyes, dark wavy hair, and carmine lips, added to a slender figure, are not necessarily the attributes of an empty mind; therefore, when General Grant told his son he was marrying an empty-headed butterfly, Cecily felt very hurt and disappointed. She told Arthur she never wanted to see his father again. Fortunately, as he left for New Zealand soon after the wedding, she was spared the unpleasantness that would have been caused by having him at closer quarters.

As that had happened six years ago, Cecily seldom brought it to mind. But, strange to say, it was indirectly the cause of a more unpleasant episode which had its beginning when Cecily's reflections and Arthur's doze were interrupted by the advent of a deck steward with a radiogram for Arthur. The message, which was from his sister in Sydney, ran:—

"Marriage taking place twenty-fifth January. Sailing London—twenty-sixth. Father arriving next week. Jill."

"Rather sudden," remarked Arthur. "Paul must have received his transfer sooner than he expected."

"Why, what's the matter?" Arthur, looking up, caught the expression of distaste on Cecily's face.

"I wish your father were not going to be at the wedding."

"Why?" asked Arthur.

"Because it will spoil it for me."

"But it is not your wedding, dear, so how can it make any difference to you?"

"I had hoped never to see him again, and now I shall, that is what I mean," was Cecily's somewhat untactful retort.

"Really, Cecily," Arthur was a little up in arms at her reply. "You seem to forget it is my father you are talking about. Even if you don't like him I am still fond of him."

"Well, I am not." She was a little piqued at his rebuff, and her tone conveyed the fact to him.

"All the same, I hope you will speak to him at Jill's wedding. Why continue to remember an episode after six years?"

"Six years, or sixty, it is all the same to me," blazed Cecily.

"I do not forget an insult as easily as you think. Almost saying I was not suitable to be his son's wife. Why, I would sooner die than speak to a man like that. Surely I am capable of judging for myself whether I shall do so or not." Cecily suddenly felt disappointed in her husband. It seemed, perhaps unreasonable, as though it did not mean anything to him, that she should have had this hurt. He should have been hurt with her. Instead, here he was thoroughly angry with her.

"Cecily, don't forget you are now a Grant, and I do not want you to cause any unpleasantness at a family affair."

A slight pause ensued during which Cecily remained silent, her lips pressed firmly together.

"Well," snapped Arthur suddenly, "are you going to speak to him at the wedding or not?"

"I am not," Cecily snapped back.

"Then you will not be speaking to me either," was the reply.

"Don't you think it is rather unreasonable of you to take that attitude? It cannot make the slightest difference to you, the wedding, or anything else, by not speaking to your father. After all," she continued, "I still have my individuality. Why should I lose it in speaking to a rude old man I dislike because I am married to you, and he happens to be your father?"

"That is not the point," Arthur's voice took on a professional tone. "He is the head of the house, and should be treated as such."

"I don't care two hoots for the 'head of the house,'" snapped Cecily, thoroughly exasperated and upset; her pride by now well up in arms. "You have no consideration for me at all, your wife." She turned her back hurriedly to hide the tears which refused to be blinked away, and Arthur strode off.

Of course, she tried to convince herself it did not matter in the least that Arthur should put his father first. But, if he were going to turn out to be anything like his father—which he showed distinct signs of doing at this very moment—well; it was too horrible to contemplate, so she gave herself a severe mental shake, and decided to go up on to the sports deck to see if she could get a game of tennis.

The first person she met was Austin Kerry, a man of about thirty-eight, who had joined the ship at Colombo. He promptly challenged her to a "singles"; and so when Arthur strolled up some time later his temper was not at all improved by the sight of Cecily engrossed in the game with Kerry. There was something indefinable about him Arthur did not like. Perhaps it may have been that he was a shade too well dressed; danced a little too well; spoke a little too precisely; and had eyes a little too close together. But, whatever it was, Arthur judged there was something about him not quite as it should be. To Cecily, however, not being a student of psychology, these small facts passed unnoticed. And Kerry was quite contented; it should be so.

Later, when the dressing gong sounded, and Cecily went down to the cabin, she noticed with an unpleasant start Arthur was already dressed and up on deck. She went in to dinner alone. Afterwards there was dancing. And when Cecily allowed Kerry to monopolise her for the rest of the evening, he became almost bewildered at the change in her, deciding there and then it would not be his fault if this did not develop into an interesting little affair.

Arthur retired to the smoke-room in a towering rage, and spent the evening drinking and losing at bridge, neither of which was conducive to the improving of his temper. Consequently it was just as well, when he finally reached the cabin, that Cecily was already in bed and apparently asleep. In reality, she was wide awake, but Arthur did not know it; hoping, on the one hand, he would wake her up, and they would be friends again; and fearing on the other, he would not. The latter feeling predominated. So she was not surprised when he put out the light without having so much as looked at her—this she could see out of one eye, which was open just enough to watch him.

Next morning, things were just the same. Arthur was up and dressed before Cecily was even awake.

Eleven o'clock found her sitting in her deck-chair trying to read. But somehow the book she had found so absorbing the day before held no interest for her to-day. It seemed irrelevant to her mood. So, dreamily, she began to watch the rise and fall of the ship as it responded to the swell of the ocean. Her thoughts strayed to Arthur. Perhaps she had been a little untactful in what she had said. If he came anywhere near she would call him over and say something nice. (For, sitting watching that blue sky mingle with that infinite expanse of dazzling ocean, so close . . . it seemed . . . to God; one simply could not bear ill-will towards anyone . . . one loved.)

A step aroused Cecily from her meditations, almost as if in answer to her unspoken desire for his appearance—Arthur approached her chair. His words, however, rapidly dispelled any feeling she had had towards a reconciliation.

(Continued on Page 26.)

MOLLY gripped her pay envelope and raced out to the lunch she had been planning for a week. For forty-five minutes she would forget the job.

It was humiliating that a big city had nothing better to offer a girl who had been esteemed brilliant at school and had taken pains to achieve qualifications than a position as a show case exhibit. Yet the job, when it had come to her in her desperation, had seemed something glorious; and day after day, as she sat inside the shop window, an object to be stared at by passers, she had laughed away her repugnance to it. "Molly of the Happy Heart," the father who had left her nothing but tender memories, her brilliance, and apparently his own inability to find opportunity for it, had called her; if she had been able to wear a smile in the face of starvation she was not going to allow distaste for the job to dampen her spirits.

By saving very hard she would have the reserves, by and by, to start the fight again for a better employment. But now there was that lunch; it was to have been a dinner, but a joyful surprise had come in the delivery of her pay envelope at a time that changed it into a lunch. It was the first real meal she had had for longer than she cared to remember.

She found herself so happy that, quite naturally, she responded to the remarks of the young man who, diffidently, had seated himself at her table. A pleasing-looking young man he was, with lines on his face which were perhaps a little premature, and his conversation was pleasant, too.

"Is that right?" she demanded suddenly, in alarm, looking at the cafe clock. He verified it by his watch. "Heavens, I shall be late! I am due back at the office."

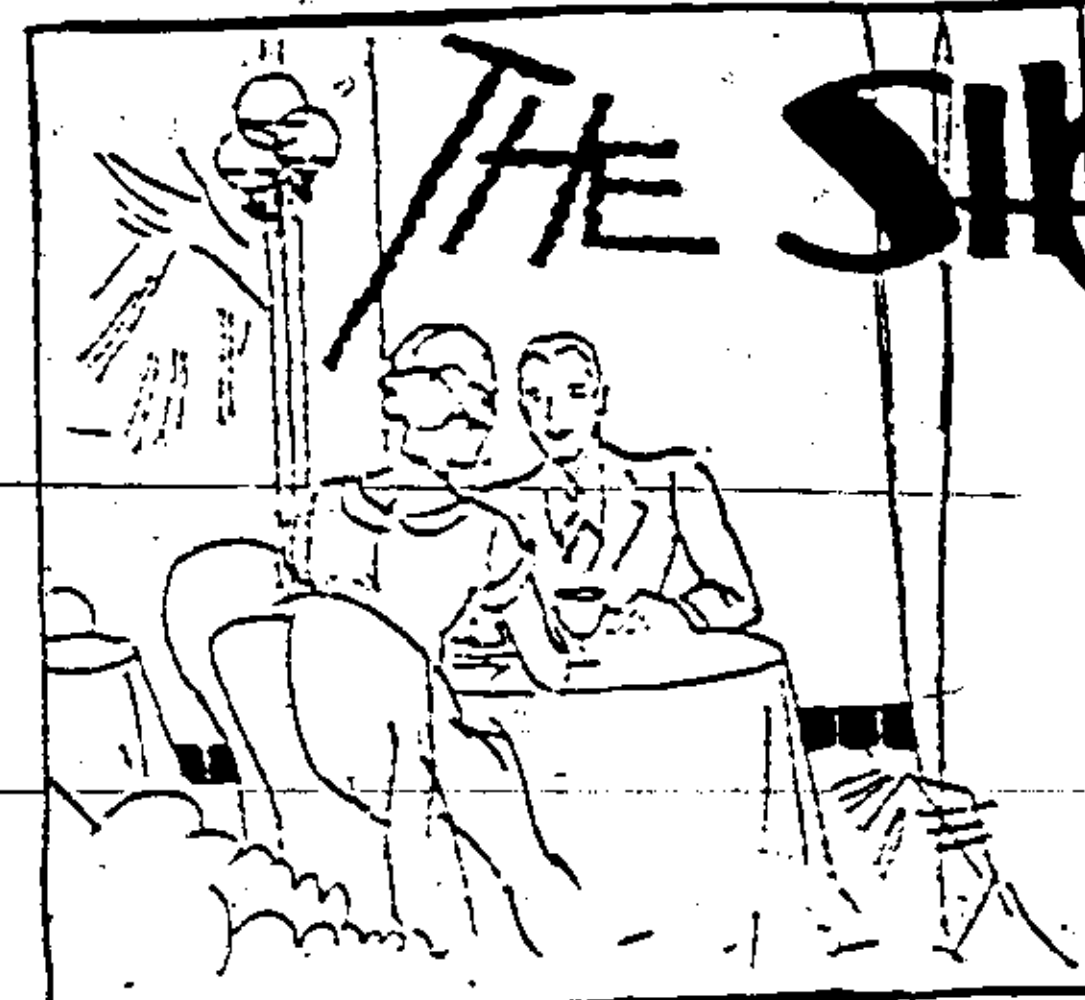
"One is lucky to have an office to be due at, these days," he said, gravely.

He rose with her, and the waitress put the docket into his outstretched hand. He smiled at Molly's protests as he paid, for there was no time to prolong them, anyway.

Ignoring his expectation of an invitation to accompany her, Molly slipped away—back to her show-window. Her dread about letting her meal companion know that that was her office made plainer to herself the scorn she had for her employment.

VULGAR and over-dressed women stared in at the window. Sometimes they laughed, almost as if they were sneering. There was always a chance that someone she knew would pass; someone who had known her as the bright girl of her school would wonder about her, being forced to this means of seeking a livelihood.

There always had been a way of escape; but the middle-aged Felsted had no appeal to Molly. He was kindly and good natured, apparently; he had known her father, and was more of her father's generation than her own. Felsted was anxious to settle down. Molly of the Happy Heart wanted something better



"Dishonesty always is punished—one way or another," he said, seriously.

To avoid allowing him to pay for her again, Molly rose suddenly and beckoned for her ticket.

"You're in a hurry?" he asked, rising too. "I say! Accident has brought us together twice, and I wish—don't think it cheek on my part.....If I knew where your office was....."

"I'm thinking of giving up my work," she said, confusedly.

"Don't," he advised her, decidedly. "If you've got a job in these times, keep it."

"I know positions are hard to secure—"

"It's not only that—it's courage and endurance, even when you don't like your work, that is involved," he said.

The way he said that surprised her; somehow the memory of the words armoured her against her distaste for her work, when she thought of it later.

Then, one day, he passed while she was in the window. He looked shabby and tired, the suitcase evidently a weight on a weary arm. He paused suddenly, staring straight at her; although his head turned quickly away, she could feel his eyes staring at her, bringing a warm flush to her cheeks, even when he was gone.

"That's Douglas, the man who went bankrupt two weeks ago," Miss Hicks was saying. Her companion in the window had a surprising trick of jerking out remarks, speaking without apparently moving her face muscles. "The Court said it sympathised with him; believed he had no dishonest intentions; but the public had to be protected."

That, then, was the reason for his attitude when they had discussed the Brown case—and probably for the remark he had made about keeping a job. He had thrown his away, apparently. She felt a touch of pity for him. What would a man do with his occupation taken from him? What sort of a struggle was he having?

He interested her; and yet she hoped she would not see him again. She had told him that half-lie about having to be at the office, ashamed of the work she was doing. He knew now it was a lie. That increased her humiliation.

She did see him again, however—the next morning. And the one after that. He passed the window, and she knew he had stared for a moment, although he passed quickly. It became a regular habit.

That she would not meet him again was her determined resolve; she was cautious about her movements abroad; in any case, saving desperately, she went only to cheap, remote tea rooms. Being an imitation wax-

model was getting more and more upon her nerves; she craved to be in a position to leave and make another bid for a position that was less irksome to her sensibilities. All the time she was trying hard, but her applications for positions seemed to fall into a well of silence.

Sometimes she thought of Felsted, again. He could give her material advantages that would make life with him endurable.

But when she came to the point she put the idea away. Instead, she remembered Douglas's words about courage and endurance.

If only Douglas himself would keep away, instead of indulging in this daily stare at the window! He was nothing to her, of course, and should be put out of her mind—a broken man who might never find his feet again. Found guilty of dishonesty! Yet there was something about Douglas that attracted her, compelled her to think of him; something that was so missing in Felsted.

SHE had given notice in a moment when the show window seemed to have become unbearable.

"Are you really going, after to-morrow, Miss Phillips?" inquired the matron. "If you are, we'll have to advertise; but we would like to keep you."

Molly hesitated. "It is a matter of courage and endurance—" The words sprang into her mind sharply.

"I'll stay, I think," she said, making an excuse about the position she had expected being not quite ready for her. She felt glad, strangely, at her decision. Molly of the Happy Heart again.

She met Douglas in circumstances which permitted of no escape. As she moved along a crowded street he was standing right in her path, smiling at her; and she found him introducing her to the grey man who was with him.

"This is my uncle, Mr. Harry Rawdon—Miss Phillips," he was saying.

The grey man extended a cordial hand, which, in her astonishment, she accepted helplessly.

"The lady you are going to marry?" cried Mr. Rawdon heartily, looking over her with eyes of approval. "I'm very pleased to meet you, Miss Phillips—very pleased! A girl who, knowing all the circumstances.....Well, you've got courage! And you're just what's needed to steady our young friend here. That's the only real trouble with him—lack of steadiness."

"I have loved Molly with a steadiness that shows that fault is overcome," said Douglas.

Molly was dazed by astonishment, but behind the bantering laughter upon Douglas's face she

(Continued on Page 29.)

# CHRISTMAS in OTHER LANDS



Christmas mail in the Krails. A Zulu girl carrying mail on her head.

## IN SOUTH AFRICA

A SOUTH African Christmas is hot beneath the strong, penetrating rays of the sun. "Hot December brings the ringing

Of Christmas bells and native singing" — so runs the South African nursery rhyme. No fir and no snow, but still a very real Christmas atmosphere.

For weeks before we have heard the native drums beat of an evening, and the rhythmic thrum-thrum of their ingenious string instruments, too, begin to sound in preparation; for Christmas is a day when little black youngsters join together in bands, bring their music, their best dances, and their widest smiles, and go from door to door giving their entertainment. They don all their most brightly coloured rags and beads, their dark skins gleam in the warm sunlight, their teeth are wonderfully white as they open their mouths to sing, and their lively, rhythmic song and dance makes us laugh and clap our hands and run indoors to find cakes and sweets to fill their caps. "Happy, happy!" they cry. "Happy, happy!" — their greeting and a gesture of the outstretched palm go together. We are generous on this day of days and copper coins are thrown for them to catch.

Little white children bewildered with their pile of brand new and exciting toys dangle them

temptingly — before their dark brothers. "Look what I've got!" they cry. But the little black one has a sweet in his mouth, a tremendous pink coloured "bull's eye"; he can only grin and beat his drum in reply.

It grows warmer and brighter as the day goes on, we go to spend an hour in the surf, or perhaps we wander down the "dorp" street between the bands of native boys and youths. We drop in here and there distributing our gifts and sit awhile to eat the traditional mince pie — can we manage twelve and enjoy as many happy months? But what of the turkey and the Christmas pudding stuffed with charms and coins that await us at midday? Yes, in the heat of midday we must drink wine and enjoy the festive fare and Christmas merriment. Family and friends are gathered together whether it be in the town, the village, or the distant farmhouse.

Perchance a kindly shower of rain falls to cool the earth and give its promise. Should this happen, as it often does, the country-side becomes alive... a profusion of wild flowers brilliantly coloured and scented. The yellow mimosa, marvelously beautiful, feeding its bees and its butterflies, breathes the spirit of a South African Christmas as the snowcovered fir is the very core of that happy period in far-away England.

## IN HUNGARY

Christmas in Hungary is essentially a family festival. Budapest, the capital, presents hardly a different picture from that of the other European metropolitan cities. Still some old traditions survive which help to give Christmas its own particular atmosphere. One of the

nicest customs, since Christmas is feted exclusively in the family circle, is that nobody must be left alone on Christmas Eve to feel lonely, so families invite their bachelor friends or those who have no families of their own in the capital.

But the country is where many

of the old and picturesque Christmas customs are still preserved. For weeks before Christmas the thatch roofed houses of a Hungarian village are under a thick blanket of snow, and the peasants, who during other seasons work in the fields from sunrise to sunset, now keep indoors. So there is plenty of time and leisure to keep the Christmas spirit alive. With the fall of the first snow Christmas festivities begin. In the larger houses of the village groups are formed by the younger set, and each group gathers nightly after supper, the young girls spinning, the older women weaving linen, while young men lounge about courting, jesting, and telling stories that are mostly quaint fairy tales. Most of the village romances start in these gatherings and when spring comes, at Eastertide, young couples walk hand and hand to the church for the blessing of the priest.

The village shepherd makes his round of the gatherings, one night here one night there, playing on his little willow flute all the new airs which were born of his loneliness out on the far-away pastures where he spends the summer with only his dog. Soon words are made to the tunes, and there is a new folk-song. Then one night a knock is heard on the window, and at the enquiry, "Who is there?" the answer

comes, "The shepherds and the Three Wise Men." And they politely want to know whether they may come in. Having received permission they shuffle in, a group of small children dressed in their elders' sheepskin coats and wearing whiskers a yard long made from flax. They carry the small replica of a church all lit up by candles and showing in the interior the manner with the Child. They sing Christmas carols, act little dialogues, collect a few coppers and go on to the next house.

There are many other similar customs full of touching little details — it is impossible to describe them all in this short space, but those who have once spent a Christmas in one of those Hungarian villages can never forget it.

Christmas Eve is here with a real feast. All the most famous dishes are reserved for that night when the whole family is sitting round the table. Then all stay up for the midnight mass. And the festive spirit lingers on well after the New Year.

It is rather sad that in later years the railroad, and the factories, draw more and more people into the towns during the winter, and the old customs are gradually dying out, surviving only in the more out of the way places the railway lines have not yet reached.

## IN SWEDEN

A Swedish Christmas is essentially indoor function, and it is perhaps for this reason that the Swedes go to such infinite pains to make it a success. Preparations start six weeks before the great event, and every effort is made to create an atmosphere of light and brightness.

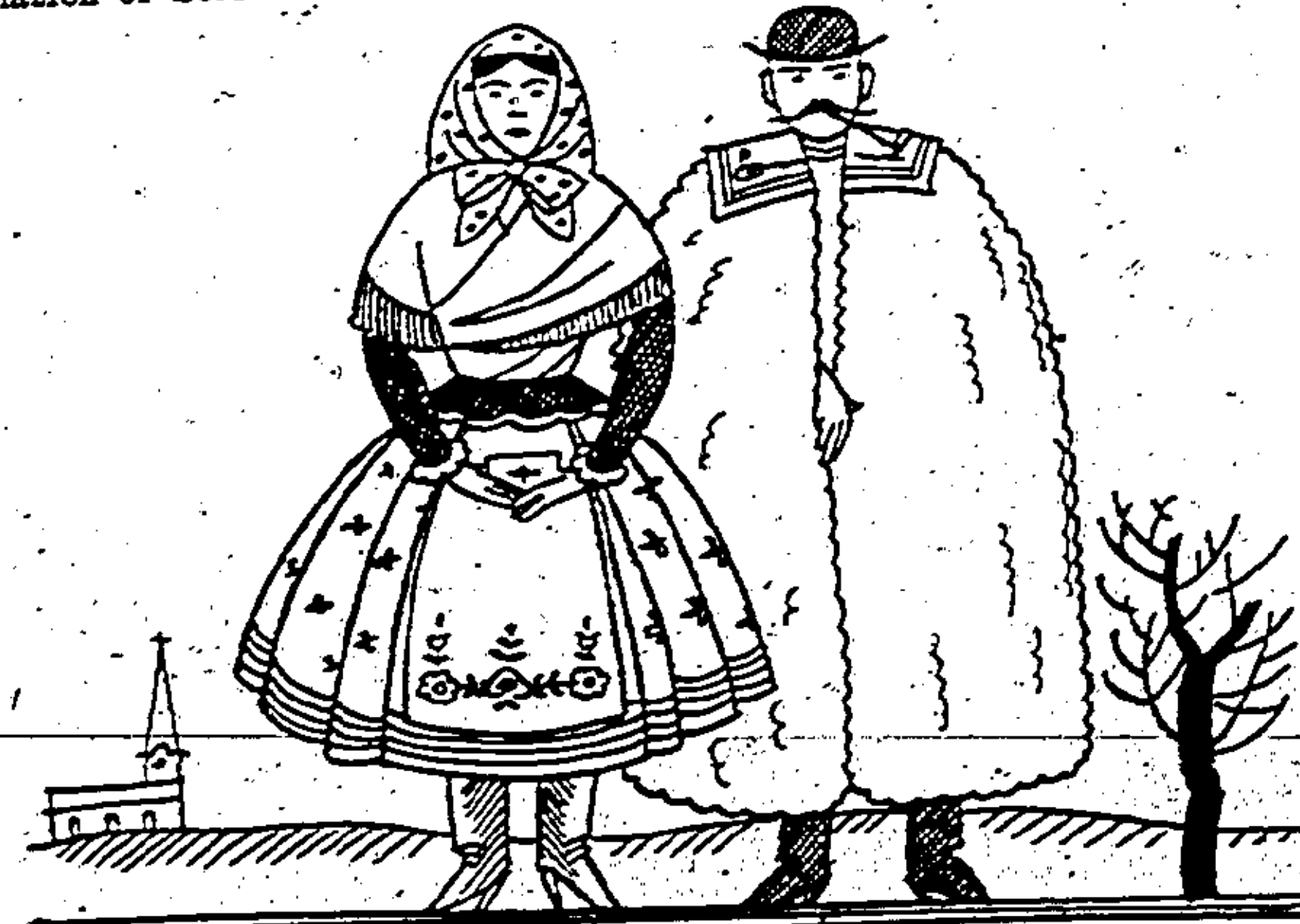
In the city of Stockholm itself, one of the most beautiful cities in Europe, the merchants and shopkeepers, working in co-operation, decorate all the streets with pine garlands, and illuminate the avenues with rows and rows of brightly-coloured lamps. On the first Sunday in December the shops open their Christmas display. Every big emporium vies with its rivals in producing the most lavish and attractive presentations of specialties, and the whole population of Stockholm turns out on

this Sunday to parade the snowy streets and inspect the displays of skis, skates, furs, and other winter necessities. So great are the crowds that, in spite of extra police, it is quite hopeless for any motor vehicle to attempt to drive through the city on that Sunday.

In the different market places Christmas trees glistening with lights are erected, and in Stor-driet, the biggest and oldest market-square of the town, a Christmas market is held every December.

All the big theatres in Stockholm and other main cities give special national folk-plays during Christmas week, the Royal Opera House itself having played every Boxing Day since 1840 the same play — the Varnlamninn-garna.

(Continued on Page 23.)



# The Fighting Steward



WHATEVER may have been the failings of the roughs who manned the sailing ships of half a century ago, cowardice was not among them. They were hard to the last degree, which is not surprising, considering the life they led. If there was one man in a ship's company who need not be a fighting man, however, it was the steward, whose chief virtue in the eyes of a discerning captain was an unquestioned ability to swindle owners and crew alike, to his own and his commander's great profit.

Constant Van Hoyndock was neither better nor worse than the others of his profession. No doubt he drew "cumshams" from ships' outfitters and providers, and fed his men inferior meat, while drawing money for the best. In this he was merely following the rules of his trade, and had he failed to do so, he would not long have been a ship's steward. Constant, however, was to prove a super-steward in the hour of crisis, and to perform deeds which were to earn him the profound admiration of "Iron Skippers" and "bucko" mates in every "hell ship" on the seas.

Shipowners in those days shared with many of their modern prototypes an affection for filthy Southern Europeans and questionable half-castes in their ships. Such men could be hired at the lowest rates, and in most cases the owners could rely upon their officers to make their lives so miserable that they would desert at the first port of call, consequently saving wages and reducing the ship's running costs. That such men were responsible for most of the mutinies which occurred with alarming fre-

quency at the time was of no moment to the owners, to whom profit was of paramount importance.

The mutiny of the schooner "Lennie" can, therefore, be laid at the door of such owners, who were indirectly responsible for the presence aboard of Matteo Cargolis and Giovanni Carcaris when she left Antwerp early in 1876. Strangely enough, the tragedy of the "Caswell" was new in public memory, but despite this, Cargolis and Carcaris formed part of a crew of twelve Levantine hirelings who had been kicked or floundered on to the Antwerp waterfront. Trouble was not long in coming, and on the third day out, Cargolis refused to leave his bunk, pleading illness as the result of a fierce beating from the second mate, Mr. McDonald, whose fists were harder than many knuckledusters.

"Bull" Wortley, the mate, knew of only one cure for such indisposition. He flogged Cargolis with a rope's end, and left him suspended from the rigging for an hour, after which Cargolis, stiff and resentful, went to work. So common were such punishments that Wortley did not give the matter another thought, and possibly he was a surprised and much aggrieved man when Cargolis and two other men entered his cabin a week later and stabbed him to death.

Following the example of other mutineers, Cargolis planned the rising for the "dog watch," and began with the murder of the mate, knowing that such an act must bind the crew to him by a bond of mutual guilt. For the law governing mutiny at sea is

a far-reaching one, and condemns the man who tacitly aids a mutiny with those who actually commit the crime. McDonald, the second mate, put up a valiant fight for his life, but such was his contempt for them that he did not carry a revolver, and he was quickly beaten and knifed to death. Captain Stanley Hatfield was stabbed in his bunk by Paroschos Leonis, another mutineer, and all three bodies were flung over the side.

Constant Van Hoyndock, meantime, slept the sleep of the unjust man who has not been found out, and arrived on deck to find Cargolis in command. The mutineer asked him if he knew sufficient navigation to take the ship to some secluded part of the French coast, where the men might land and disappear. Van Hoyndock, like a wise man, promised to do so, and suggested that the men celebrate their emancipation by opening the whisky cases in the cuddy. The suggestion being gleefully agreed to, the steward took the wheel and, with satiric humour, headed the "Lennie" for the Isle De Rhe, in the Bay of Biscay.

Here the wisdom of M. Van Hoyndock was beyond question, for he knew the Isle De Rhe as the French prison island where desperadoes are kept pending transportation to the living death of French Guiana and Devil's Island. It would be possible for him to go close in shore without the mutineers suspecting his intention, and he knew that boats filled with police and prison guards would not be long in pushing off to make enquiries of the strange vessel.

M. Van Hoyndock's second ace in the hand proved his best card, however. The unaccustomed

spirit first made the men quarrelsome and then stupefied them, and the first stage was accompanied by the violent deaths of five of the mutineers, and during the second, two of the more timid of their number crept to the steward with a proposition. Cargolis and Carcaris, the dreaded leaders of the rising, were lying on the cuddy floor in a horrible state of drunkenness from which it must take them some hours to recover. The two young men, Charles Renker and Giovanni Mores, who had acted throughout under duress, would disarm them and give the weapons to Van Hoyndock. When the Dutchman agreed, the pair disappeared below and presently Van Hoyndock was in possession of two revolvers, a brace of hideous knives, and the knuckledusters of the late "Bull" Wortley.

The steward then did a brave thing. Locking the cuddy door on the unconscious ringleaders, he rounded up the remaining three men and, to the accompaniment of oaths that would have roused the admiration of the departed Mr. Wortley, he kicked and cuffed them on to the deck. Crisply he ordered them to their several duties, and like lambs the chastened rebels obeyed him. Only one man, Leonis, who had murdered the skipper, made serious trouble, and Van Hoyndock soon disposed of him. Leonis, accused the steward of being false to them, which M. Van Hoyndock instantly admitted. Leonis then flung himself at Van Hoyndock, but staggered back screaming, as a pair of knuckledusters, expertly used, smashed into his face. He gave no further trouble.

Nor was Van Hoyndock a stranger to the unvarnished art of propaganda. Without a blush he informed the crew that he would secure free pardons for all save Cargolis and his companion, and that he would content himself with securing a modest five years for Leonis. Thus pacified, the men helped to place the two leaders in irons, and Van Hoyndock proceeded to the Isle De Rhe. It took the short-handed vessel ten days to reach the island, and during that time the steward snatched his few hours rest in a locked and barred cabin, prepared all his own food for fear of poison, and went everywhere with his revolver in his hand. He did not trust one of his allies, and twice he had to beat up Leonis in approved "bucko" style.

At last the ship reached the prison island, however, where the authorities seized all seven mutineers and surrendered them to the British courts.

Leonis, Cargolis, Carcaris and two other men, Karda and Angelos, received the death sentence, but Renker and Mores were pardoned for their aid in quelling the mutiny. All of which being satisfactorily settled, M. Van Hoyndock returned to the sea, and became once more a humble, but not despised ship's steward.



**P**RE-CHRISTMAS pictures in the local shops are all mingled with thoughts of Christmases far back. The reminiscence is a sentimental one, and quite in order at this time of the year. You watch a tiny tot approach a Santa Claus with a wonderment expressed on her face that is a delight to see, and then you watch her making her choice from many dolls, quite content to leave it in the shop until Christmas morning, believing that Santa Claus will reserve it for her. So great is the faith of children that it is little wonder they get, just for the wishing, all these wonderful toys that they have set their hearts upon.

#### Remarkable Development

There are mothers and fond aunts and grown-up sisters who consider that toys are just something to keep children quiet, but if they were to take an intelligent peep around the stores where the toys are on display, they would soon see that a child's education begins with its first toy—a colourful ball intended to catch its eye as it lies in the cradle, or a rubber toy that squeaks. Any toy that does something is an object-lesson.

Though toys made to interest boys have always been of a mechanical nature, such as trains that run on lines and motor boats that wind up with a key, it is amazing the development that toy-makers have brought about. First came the Meccano sets that were considered a revolution in instructive toys, and now, following on this line of intelligent inquisitiveness, there are replicas of practically every type of aeroplane, including the autogyro, correct to the detail; there are complete little railway stations, with signal box, station lamps, ticket office, and platform; there are steam rollers, with heavy rubber rollers that function perfectly; there are motor bicycles and sidecars, and miniature cars that are exact copies of the latest airflow models; there are ships built on the lines of the newest mammoth liners; there are perfect steam working models of donkey engines; there are chemistry outfits with which the young would-be scientist can make genuine experiments; and there are farmyard sets, comprising a dog, goat, cow, horse, rural setting, and farmyard implements.

No doubt a keen commercial instinct in the first place induced toy-makers to produce this type of toy, for in captivating a boy's interests they were assured of sales; but for all this the toys remain as instructive as they are

*Toys for Christmas! That is all the children think of. Toys that come as if by magic from a world where only the desires and loves of little children are thought of. Who, but one with a heart as mighty as that of Santa Claus, could make a cat—at least a sort of a cat—out of knobs and knobs of celluloid, and not just a cat either, but a cat called Simon or Pip; a cat with a personality that you can talk to and tell secrets? Oh, the lovely things of Christmas! Surely toys have never been more lovely before—though last Christmas they were lovely, and the Christmas before.....*



Above: The Shirley Temple Village at Whiteaway's. Left: The faithful puppy guarding the house.



A magnificent castle with draw-bridge and all, and the snow man does some travelling at Lane, Crawford Ltd.

#### entertaining.

**War Toys**  
It is a great pity that this same perception which has led toy-makers to produce these mechanical toys, has led them to make replicas of the implements of warfare, which, it must be confessed, supply a demand, and are welcomed with great delight by many boys.

It seems absurd that so much

trouble should be gone to teach our youngsters the horror of war when these toy etceteras of war are permitted to be marketed. Giving the matter a thought, there is no doubt that every parent would agree that these toys should not be made, even though they themselves may be guilty of having purchased some to appease the desires of boys who see them displayed in the

shops. It must be admitted that these toys, which are replicas of existing things, are just as instructive as other mechanical toys, but at the same time they pander to a desire that the efforts of all thinking people of the world are trying to curb.

The trend of domesticity in toys made for little girls is most amusing. Dolly's washing day has, of course, always been a source of great delight to little girls, and playing school and playing mothers another. It is the little girls and the very little boys who most enter into the land of make-believe with their toys, and it would almost seem that the toymakers' aim now is to train their young customers for efficient motherhood and wifehood.

Made up on cards are complete little outfits of various domestic duties. There is a scrubbing set, which comprises a bucket, mop, soap, cloth, and scrubbing brush. Other cards hold complete washing sets, ironing sets, and school sets of easel and blackboard, duster, pointer, two sticks of chalk, a chart of letters and numbers, a school form, and two little celluloid "doll" pupils. There are some most elaborate cooking stoves, equipped with pans, kettle, and cooking utensils, all made of aluminium. They have an oven fitted with trays and a fire-box, in which there is a safety spirit lamp. Teasetts that were in demand even in the days when grandma hung up her stocking, are still very much to the fore, but they are surpassed in novelty by the complete kitchen sets of cake tins, cutters, and the like, each most carefully made in aluminium.

#### Play Animals

Toys made purely for the expression of affection really illustrate the charm of Christmas, and this year, as ever, they are delightful. Dolls, which are not quite so elaborate as those we used to play with, are none the less endearing. Animals of lovable dispositions are legion. Mickey Mouse, the adored of all, appears in every shape and form; sometimes he is a soft cuddly person, sometimes he is a cheeky little wooden animal riding a tricycle. Dismal Desmond this year has overcome his depression, and is actually smiling in anticipation of Christmas. Additions to the toy personalities are the Three Little Pigs and the Big Bad Wolf, and the little pigs have proved themselves so charming that pigs are having a tremendous vogue, and their humorous fat faces bring them in much adoration.

# CHRISTMAS CANDLES

"BLUFF, my dear, we must always fall back on bluff! We can go through most things as long as we don't sacrifice our pride. Once we allow people to feel sorry for us we lose our self-respect—and theirs!" Barbara Dent heard again the emphatic tone in her aunt's voice as she had talked to her in the old cottage in Kent only a few weeks before she died and left her alone in the world. "Look at me," she had said with that expressive movement of her small hands; "all these years people have envied me my happiness, my contentment—they would have been very surprised had they known the truth that there hasn't been any real happiness for me, except what you have given me, dear child. That went long ago with the going of one person, but unhappiness doesn't kill; we just go on living and making ourselves and other people believe we are happy. All the world asks you to do is to be happy—or, at any rate, *appear* happy—and to listen attentively to its own troubles!"

Barbara resumed her walk on deck. Well, she could justly feel she had succeeded on the ship in "bluffing." Thank goodness none of these men and girls she had spent the last few weeks with knew of her loneliness on leaving England and her dread of Hong Kong, which she was so fast approaching. Dear Aunt Margaret, who had comprised her whole family for as long as she could remember, had insisted that after she died her niece should come out to her sister in Hong Kong. Now Barbara was on her way, and her dread of this new life almost amounted to fear, but the little old lady had been right—never wear one's heart on one's sleeve; it might help for the moment, but didn't pay in the long run.

"Hello, Barbara!" came the hail from a member of the group of men and girls standing near the stairway. "Just the person we want. We need inspiration. The sports committee can't offer us anything more original than the same old programme—fancy dress ball sort of thing. Now don't fail us! We are depending on you to produce some brilliant notion from that sleek little head of yours. You've never turned us down yet."

"You absurd creatures!" Barbara protested, laughing. "Here am I, the only one of you that hasn't travelled dozens of times before, and you turn to me for suggestions! Well, how would it be if you came down from your heights of sophistication and sought amusement in the simplicity of a village game? You'd find it! Let me see now. As it is nearly Christmas it might be fun to—"

The mention of Christmas promptly turned the conversation from the question of a game to other channels. The ship was to be in Hong Kong on Christmas Eve, and there were many plans in the making.

"Dinner at a hotel for me—the old boy is killing the proverbial calf! And then for that cheerful little hole in—"

"Oh, where? I believe you've discovered some new place, Tommy. Goodness knows we need something fresh in Hong Kong. Where is it?"

"You are too young, my child," he teased.

"A nice little dinner and then home to bed for you!—and hang up your stocking!" He ducked to avoid the book that accompanied the "brute" thrown at his head.

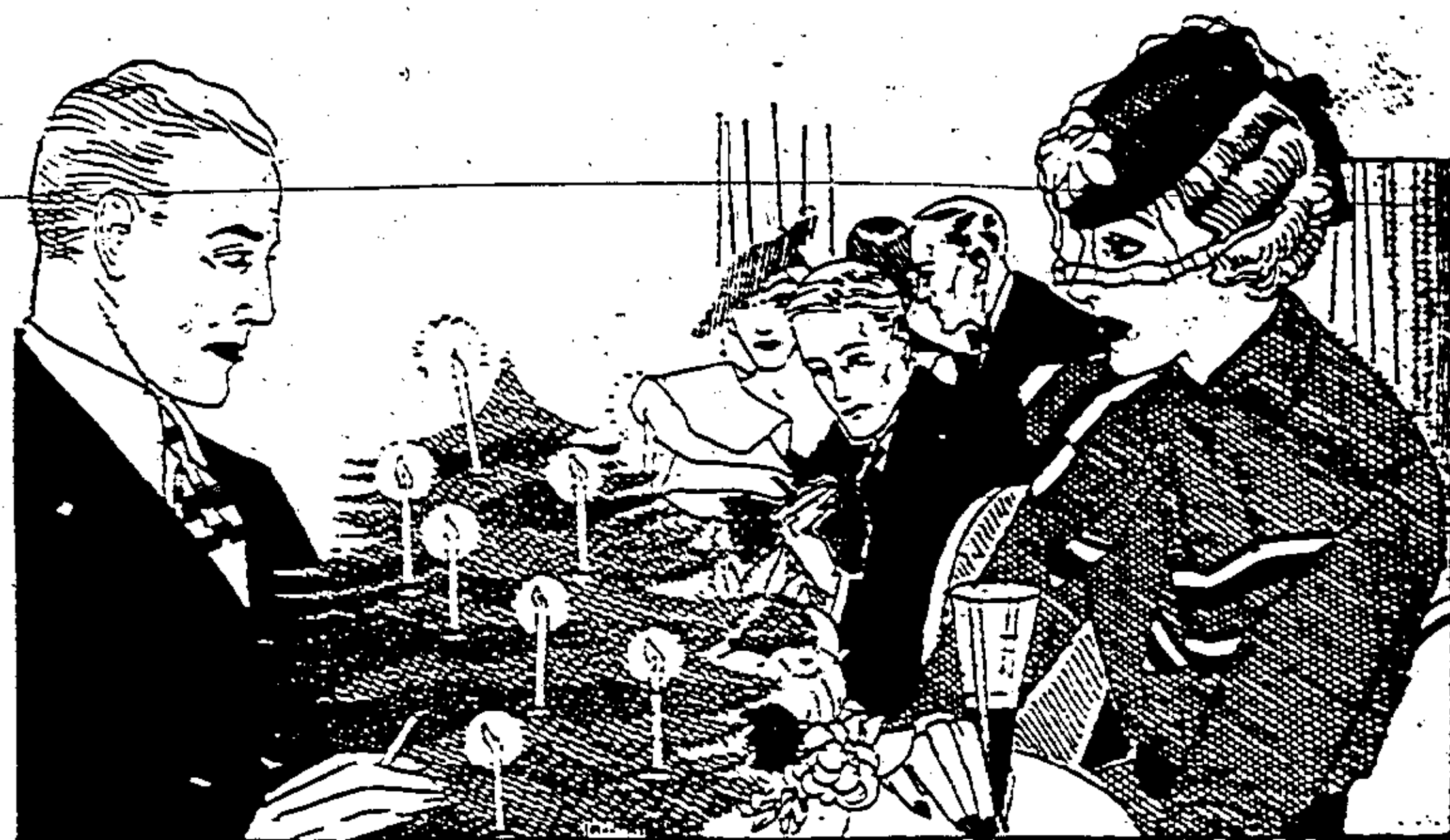
"And what are you doing on Christmas Eve, Miss Dent? You have some gay plan, too, I suppose?"

Barbara turned quickly to the man who had just joined the group. "Oh—yes, of course." Aunt Margaret would have been surprised had she heard her faltering over this answer to a simple question. "My aunt has arranged for people to take me out that night. A very gay party, probably." She hesitated, and then went on: "And you? You are going to help give the colony its Christmas coat of red paint, too?"

Graham Barton's voice was casual as he answered:

"Oh, yes, we can't neglect Christmas, can we?" He felt absurdly disappointed. He had hoped that this girl and he might have arranged something together for Christmas Eve, but, as she was evidently going to some much brighter party, he must not let her know he was at a loose end or she might feel sorry for him and try to take him into her party. "Some of the old crowd have fixed something up for me. Haven't seen them for such years, I'll hardly know what they look like!"

He would like to have talked more to her, have learnt more



of what she was feeling about coming to Hong Kong. She had been so sympathetic and understanding when he had told her of his tremendous disappointment at having to leave the Army, of the death of his father, who had meant so much to him, and now his reluctant return to Hong Kong to manage his father's affairs. They had been such friends on the ship all these weeks, but only up to a point. Beyond that he had always come up against the same barrier—as if she were afraid he would pierce the reserve she was determined to hold. Was she really as happy as she appeared to be? Sometimes he wondered.

They wandered together towards the dining saloon, where afternoon tea was in progress.

Barbara was glad she had concocted the story of her party on Christmas Eve. It was silly of her to have hoped they might spend it together; she might have known he would have friends waiting for him. The friendship of these weeks told her that he would have upset his own plans rather than allow her to be alone that evening.

"Good-bye, happy Christmas." "Don't be rash!" "Probably run up against each other in the early hours of the morning!"

From her cabin Barbara heard them leave the ship as it lay beside the wharf. She stayed until she thought most people had gone and then she dressed and took the ferry across from the mainland to the island. In spite of being alone she felt a thrill of expectation. What would it bring to her, this new city? The thought of the future was so indefinite that she resolutely put it away from her and determined to enjoy the interests of the day before her.

Hong Kong! How beautiful it was, Barbara thought as she looked across the water blue in the sunlight with only the shadows of the junks playing upon it. Later as she walked down the street she realised she had not expected such buildings nor such beautiful shops. She smiled to think of the pictures she had drawn to herself of Hong Kong—very far from correct so far!

How different Christmas was in Hong Kong. How foolishly

wrapped up in our own environment we are, Barbara thought. Until to-day she had never associated Christmas with anything but snow. She thought of the dark slum areas she and her aunt had visited, where mothers and children alike tried to keep warm and summon the excitement of Christmas. She wished they could feel the warmth of this lovely sun.

It was strange that one could feel more lonely at this time than any other. It was a time for reunion, for home happiness. She felt an alien amongst the excited mass of shoppers, all intent upon their Christmas buying—there wasn't anyone who would expect a gift from her to-morrow morning. She watched a young woman choosing a little Christmas tree. Such a small one, it must be for just two people, Barbara reflected. On its branches were tiny candles. They would light them together and smile as they made plans for the year to come.

"How much is that tree?" she found herself asking the harassed assistant, but before he replied she had realised the foolishness of her inquiry. What would she do with a tree? She hurried out of the shop. She would buy a new hat instead. Much more sensible, she assured herself, but the tree had been so pretty with its red and yellow candles.

"Henri's." The name above the little green door attracted Barbara's attention, and she decided that she would have dinner there.

With a welcoming flourish of his hands the French proprietor ushered her to a small table in the corner near the window.

"Madame will take dinner alone?"

Barbara smiled at the regret in his tone.

"Yes, alone. And I would rather not have the Christmas fare, thank you. Now, let me see." She studied the menu. She felt she could not eat roast turkey and Christmas pudding alone.

"Ah! But what a pitee! On the eve of Christmas! The monsieur—voilà—he also dines alone, and like madame he says: 'No turkey, no plum pudding.'"

(Continued on Page 22.)





## The Way of a Sailor by Patricia Thompson

that odd complex called woman knows, this was certainly the wrong attitude for him to adopt. If he had greeted her words in soulful silence, Joan would, probably, have melted in a moment. For she loved Laurie, had loved him from their first meeting, and would have admitted it before this but for one thing: Laurie was a sailor. A sailor is, of course, as good as the next man—but not in Joan's critical eyes.

She was unutterably tired of the seafaring folk of Long Shore, of the fine white sand that whirled in little gusts through their cottage, and the inevitable table talk of sea anecdotes.

Her father, his father before him, and her two brothers all followed the sea in some capacity, and long before she met Laurie she had determined that she would marry no sailor, or any man from Long Shore, for that matter. It proved difficult, however. It was the recognised thing for the local lads to follow the sea, as their fathers had done before them; consequently, she did not get the chance to meet men other than sailors.

She had become a little dismayed by the absence of suitors when her brother had brought home a fellow officer, Laurie South. When he walked into the tiny sitting-room, making it seem smaller with his tall frame resplendent in shining buttons and peaked cap, Joan had lost her heart to him. But never would she admit it. In the back

of her mind she intended to in a vague "someday," but, for the present, kept to her determination that she wouldn't have a sailor at any price. She had told him this emphatically, time and again. The maddening part of it was that he would not take her seriously. And the nerve of him, the colossal nerve of him, saying that "of course, you're going to marry me!"

She stood up quickly, every fibre of her young body in revolt.

"We'll see," she said darkly, and, before he was aware, she had darted away, racing along the beach like a wild thing. She made her way through the maze of gorse and stiff underbrush that lined the precipitous cliff path, up the weedy garden of the cottage on the cliff bluff, and, panting, she reached the kitchen.

The door was open: the doors were always open at the Marcey cottage. At her whirlwind entrance, the people seated about the table having their evening meal looked up in mild surprise. Then, seeing that it was Joan, their eyes automatically turned towards their plates again.

A further indignity! Joan writhed. Her family never treated her seriously. They did not regard her moods as "temperament," but, like Laurie, merely said that she was "a funny kid."

She threw down her woolly cap sulkily, took out her dinner, warming in the oven, and, in disdainful silence, commenced eat-

ing, conscious of the smiling glances passing between her brothers.

"Had a tiff with Laurie," Don inquired.

"And the last," she said emphatically.

"But every quarrel you have with him is the last," Don began, when Mrs. Marcey interrupted mildly: "Now then, leave your sister alone—I think that's Laurie's step I hear."

She bustled about, setting his place at the table, for he was a great favourite of hers.

Laurie entered breezily, and immediately engaged himself in conversation with everybody but Joan.

Before this, Laurie's married sister had invited them both to a party that night. Joan had been excited by the idea, for she loved visiting the luxurious home of his sister; but, for the moment, the quarrel had blotted out the thought. Now, however, she remembered as Laurie recalled it, at the same time letting drop, what was in her eyes, a bomb-shell.

"This morning," he said, addressing himself to Don, but intending, as everyone knew, to impress Joan, "Clare said something about Paul Christian coming down for the week-end...."

He stopped short as Joan interrupted breathlessly: "Do you mean Paul Christian, the actor, who was here last Easter?"

Laurie nodded casually. (Continued on Page 22.)

"I'm sorry, Laurie," Joan said, using the dramatic inflexion popular among talkie stars. "I can't marry you."

With that soulful utterance, she stretched her long, slim length on the sand, in a pose that was meant to—and did—further enchant the young man lounging at her feet.

But if she expected Laurie to be moved by this heavy drama she was mistaken. Rather than that, he seemed amused by it. Admittedly, his smile was slow and whimsical; nevertheless, it was a smile.

She sat up quickly, dropping like a cloak her pose of indolence.

"So you think it funny, do you?" she demanded, bristling.

Laurie's smile deepened.

"You're such a kid, Joan, such a funny kid.... Of course, you're going to marry me."

As everyone who understands

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## TREASURE ISLAND?

IN the Caribbean Sea, a hundred miles south of Cuba, lies the counterpart in detail of Stevenson's immortal island. This island is known as Cayo Largo, or Long Key. It is uninhabited and is included in the group of keys and islets under Cuban ownership.

The name "key" is given to low, marshy, mangrove-covered islets fringing the larger islands of coral or volcanic origin. Cayo Largo, in spite of its name, has none of the characteristics of a key.

Occasionally, a sponge or fishing boat stops for water from the spring that gushes up at the foot of the hills. The skull-shaped hollow shown on the pirates' chart really exists and is still believed to hold treasure buried in the days of the Conquistadores.

Pirates and freebooters of all nations made their headquarters on small, uncharted islands, such as Cayo Largo, asking only safe anchorage and fresh water. From these bases they set forth to seize the galleons returning to Europe laden with gold, or to raid the coast settlements of New Spain.

Returning from these expeditions, the pirates hid their booty in rock caches or buried it deep underground. Sometimes the treasure was divided, more often the robbers quarrelled over the shares as savagely as they had attacked their helpless victims. Soon they sailed off on another raid, perhaps never to return. Sometimes they were captured, or found their course blocked by pursuers. Turning to a new haven, they were forced to leave the caches untouched.

It is more than likely that Cayo Largo, with its small bay and supply of fresh water, was one of these bases. An old map with bearings and directions in cipher is in the possession of a Cuban family, who guard it jealously, refusing to discuss it lest any details should be revealed.

Where did Stevenson find his description? Perhaps some returned sailor told him of the lonely little island lying in the path of the old-time freebooters and gentlemen of fortune.

Treasure Island to-day lies silent and deserted in the turquoise sea, brooding on the secrets of bygone years.

## DRAWBACK

THE best-selling author sat in the office of his literary agent and listened somewhat gloomily to news that should have brought a smile.

"This new book of yours," the agent was saying, "is turning into a regular gold mine. The serial rights alone brought a small fortune."

"Sales pretty good, eh?" "Best we've ever had. But that's nothing. When Paramount saw what Warner's were bidding for the story, they offered so much that M.G.M. is sure to buy it."

"How about the stage rights?" "They are all set. Besides that, I have sold the title to a popular song publisher."

"Do you think that there is any radio angle in it?"

"I'm working on that. Then there is the lecture tour. I've got you booked for twenty weeks already."

The author heaved a deep sigh.

"Why, man?" said his agent.

"Aren't you happy over the success of your book?"

"I suppose so," with another sigh. "Only now I've got to get busy and write the darn thing!"

## REVISED VERSION

I BURN my matches at both ends,

Though rather hard to handle.

For oh! my foes, and ah! my friends,

I can't afford a candle.

## VERY BECOMING

"JOHN, what do you think of this dress I made over?"

"Umph."

"Does it look all right?"

"Uhh."

"John! Will you put that paper down for one minute and look at this dress!"

"It looks all right."

"What about the length?"

"Uh-huh."

"John! You're not listening to a word I'm saying!"

"Sure."

"Sure what?"

"Er—sure, I think you ought to make it over."

"I've just finished telling you I have made it over. What I want to know is about the length."

"The length?"

"Well, never mind. Never mind. I'll buy a new one."

"What! Now why do that, my dear? It's a very becoming dress, you know, very becoming. One of the smartest-looking dresses I've seen in ages. Besides, it shows your figure to such good advantage. And you have such a lovely figure, my dear."

## DEADLIER THAN THE MALE

HAILE SELASSIE says that, if necessary, he will recruit women to fight. Well, it will be a hard time for the Italians if he decides to put those women in automobiles.

And our idea of a real pacifist is a fellow who could attend a peace conference without getting into a fight.

## HOPEFUL

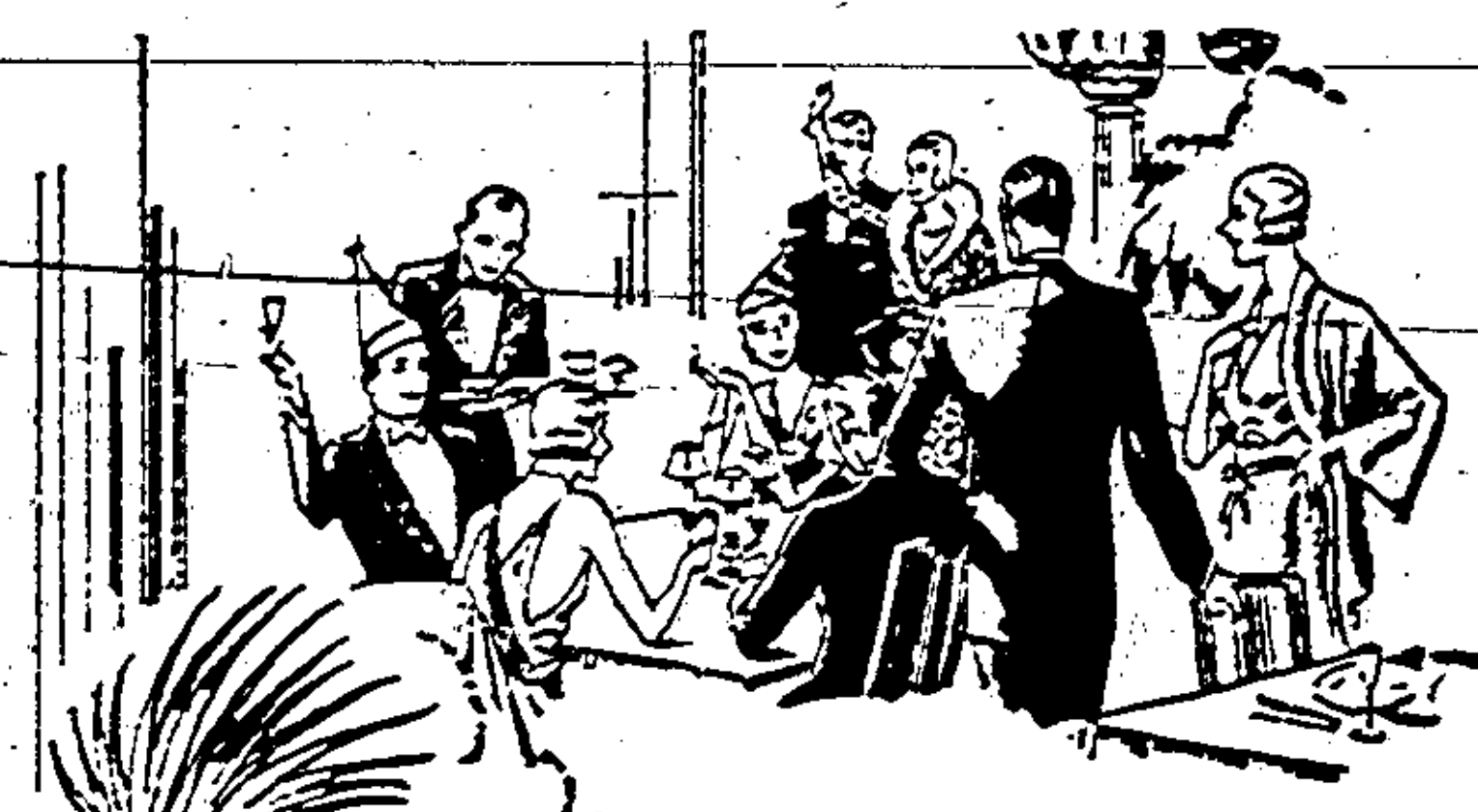
The cousins met at a Christmas party.

"I'm going to be married soon," said Jane.

Her cousin looked surprised.

"Gracious!" she exclaimed in unladylike tones. "How soon?"

"As soon as possible," replied the other coyly.



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THE Chateau of the Two Promises was intriguing at very first glance. Rhoda, after a strenuous walk up from the village, decided to rest where she might contemplate her discovery at leisure. She sat down on the grass, kicked off her brown brogues, and relaxed.

Cradled in a Provencal valley, the village of Cassonbleau remains indifferent to the traffic of the winding tarmac ribbon that leads in one direction to St. Etienne and in the other to Nice.

The people are simple, honest, friendly, not over industrious, perhaps, but they manage to sell the products of their vineyards and farms, and even when times are unusually hard they manage to find enough to eat.

To Rhoda, the soft hills and the old, hidden village were a gentle delight. She loved walking up among the foothills above the village, and always it seem-

ed as if she were searching for something, as if an odd purpose lay in her mind, urging her on to more explorations. Monsieur Triquet, the little busybody of a chemist, had become aware of her restlessness, and had suggested that she might climb the lonely track to the northern hills: "There is an old chateau up there, mademoiselle, the Chateau of the Two Promises, we call it. As an artist, you might find it interesting."

Now, gazing towards the chateau, she experienced a sense of fulfilment. "I have found what I have been looking for," she thought.

The chateau might have been deserted, so quiet it looked, so tumbledown and wrapped in dreams of an era that had passed. It was encircled by a low crumbling wall, and she glimpsed a tattered orchard of plum trees to the rear. The land belonging to it sloped down into the valley, spread up over the hills. Once there had been calm prosperity here, proud gentlefolk in the chateau, the land well-tended and productive. Now there was desolation.

"To-morrow," Rhoda thought, "I shall bring my water colours. This is something I must paint. . . though I'm afraid I shall not capture those sad dreams."

From the direction of the chateau came a man dressed in rough working clothes. At first

Rhoda labelled him a peasant, but as he drew closer she saw that his walk was not a peasant's walk, and that his bearing was not Provencal nor even French. "He is an Englishman, a young Englishman."

She put on her brogues and stood up. He came to a halt: he was tall, fair, neatly built.

"Good afternoon, mademoiselle," he said courteously.

Rhoda returned his greeting in English.

"You are English!" he exclaimed.

"I'm afraid I've come on an unpleasant mission. My aunt lives in the chateau and owns the land. Possibly you did not see the sign relative to trespassing?"

"I'm trespassing?" Rhoda's eyes widened. "I'm sorry."

She turned to go, but was halted at the sight of his apologetic expression.

"My aunt is really a kind soul; the villagers are allowed to come and go here at will. However, she always suspects strangers. Strangers have caused most of her troubles. She is very troubled to-day and so a little more suspicious than usual."

On impulse Rhoda told him that she had hoped she might make a water colour of the chateau. "I am in Europe to study art," she explained.

His brow wrinkled, but in a moment the frown cleared.

"I think it might be arranged," he said. "I will tell my aunt that a harmless artist wants to paint the chateau. I will tell her to-morrow—she's not in the right mood to-day. Come up to-morrow afternoon, and I'll let you know her decision."

"Shall I come up to the chateau?"

"Oh. . . I'll meet you here," he said, a little hastily, a little shamefacedly.

As she descended the tortuous pathway to the village, Rhoda reflected: "He did not want me to visit the chateau. Why? Is there a mystery?"

She was interested, and that was why she went to Monsieur Triquet later that afternoon. She purchased a toothbrush and then engaged the little, gossipy chemist in conversation.

"I saw the Chateau of the Two Promises to-day," she informed him. "Also I met a young man who lives there."

"Monsieur Colin? An English-looking young man? Yes, that is Monsieur Colin, Madame Gosain's nephew. He came when Madame's husband died eleven years ago. He is the—the man of the house."

"There is a mystery, Monsieur Triquet?"

Triquet spread his fingers and lifted his eyebrows.

"Mademoiselle, for eleven years there has been a mystery. (Continued on Page 22.)

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## A ticket to BUDAPEST

A TICKET to Budapest! And your holidays just due. Some people has all the luck."

The little Cockney heart of Millie was really envious, for it did seem as though Esmeralda Kenny had more than her share of luck. To Millie, as she watched her pulling on her small green hat, which matched so beautifully the little green flecks in her eyes, and, surveying herself critically in the cheap office mirror, it seemed as though the dark girl had everything at that moment to be wished for in life. To be pretty and dainty, and to be leaving on the morrow for a marvellous adventure on the Continent.

Millie sighed hopelessly; only Esmeralda Kenny could have the good fortune to win that competition, with its prize of a ticket to Budapest. Everything seemed to be drawn towards Esmeralda. Even Bill, the precocious office boy, seemed to like finding duties around "Miss Kewney's" desk, to say nothing of portly Mr. Gaumer, the chief clerk. But somehow Millie could not find it in her heart to begrudge Esmeralda even this good luck. She was always so nice to everybody. Everyone seemed to matter, and the greatest nonentity was a person of importance to her.

Millie's reflections were broken by the soft voice of Esmeralda herself:

"I wish you were coming, too, Millie. What fun we'd have!"

Millie remained silent. It was like Esmeralda to always want someone else to take part in her pleasure; anyway, she would be back in a fortnight, and Millie would hear all her wonderful experiences then. Besides, she could not imagine herself, Millie Jackson, in Europe, that dim, distant place. How would Ma and Pop and little Perry get along without her. Some people, like Esmeralda Kenny, were made to live the life of story-books, but not the Millie Jacksons of this world.

As Esmeralda made her way to the tea-shop in O'd Bond-street, to which she usually repaired daily for her lunch, she felt as though she walked to music. Spring was in the air and in the heart of the girl. Through her head were flitting all the famous Strauss waltzes and melodies she knew. Oh! it was good to be alive and to be leaving to-morrow for the first time abroad. Her surroundings seemed to take on a different aspect, to have more colour, and be more alive. Never before had she noticed how bright the red casks, with their little stunted green trees, showed up against the grey of the street, nor how golden were the daffodils against the straw-coloured basket of the street-seller, and to the girl's imagination, as she passed, each



seemed to nod its head in the breeze as though to say "To Budapest—To Budapest."

THE day was somewhat advanced when Esmeralda opened her eyes to the beautifully clear Hungarian morning. At first she seemed unable to realise where she was, then, as her eyes quickly scanned the little hotel room, she remembered her sleepy impressions of it the previous night. It was difficult to believe that she was in Europe, and all those miles from home, and, as though to convince herself that this was so, she sprang out of bed and ran to the bedroom window.

The hotel commanded a glorious view over the twin cities of both ancient Buda and modern Pest, and from the win-

dow Esmeralda looked down over the blue, changing waters of the Danube, dancing in the sunlight. Entranced, her eyes followed the ferries and all kinds of craft on the river. City of Enchantment! It was rightly named. She felt that she was indeed going to be happy here—happier than she had ever been in her young life before. How lovely to explore those terraced hills sheltering Pest, and those quaint, quaint old streets that interlaced Buda, and then to make one's way across one of the six bridges to the boulevards of Pest, stepping across from the old world to the new. Could any other city possess such glamour as this, where the old world held hands so romantically with the new, and where all the majesty

(Continued on Page 18.)



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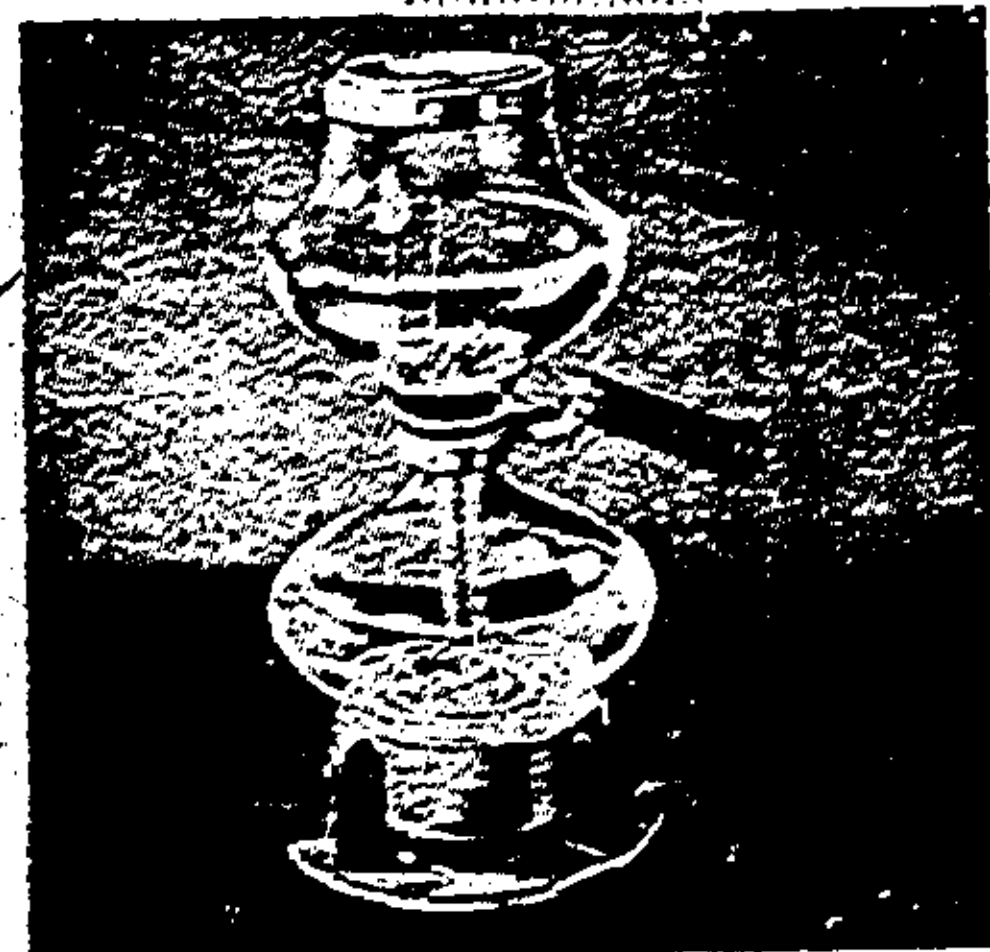
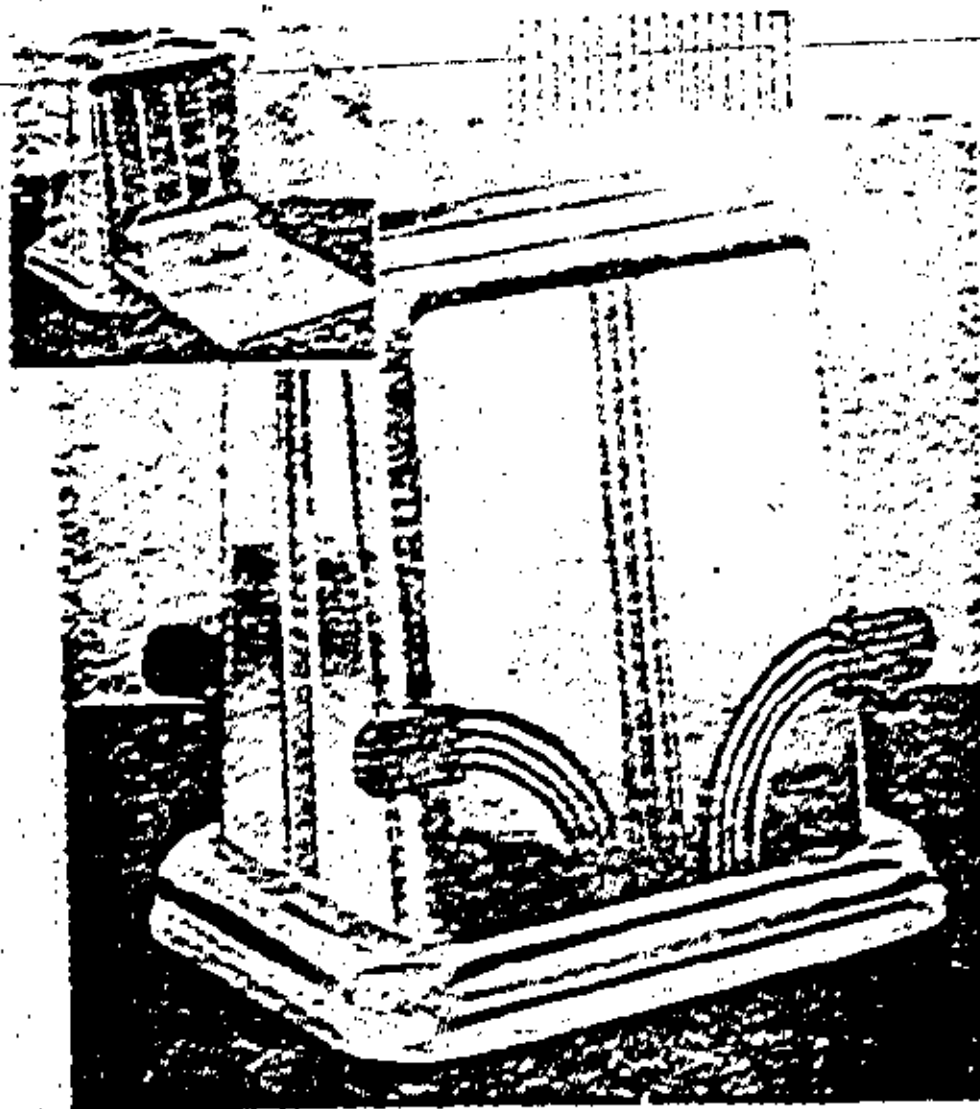
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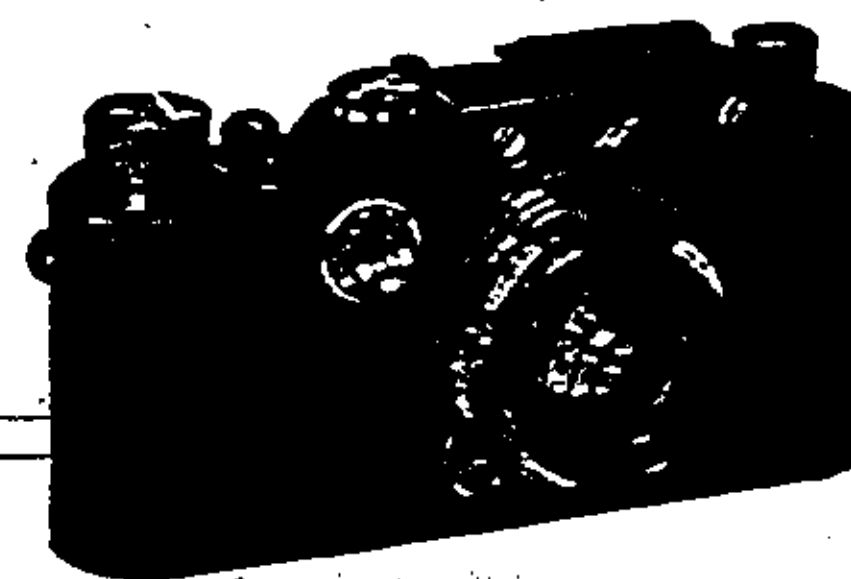
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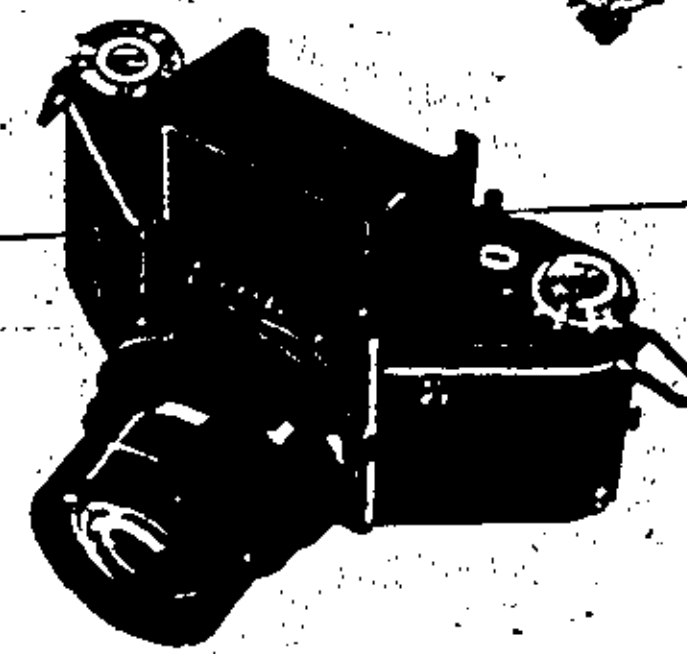
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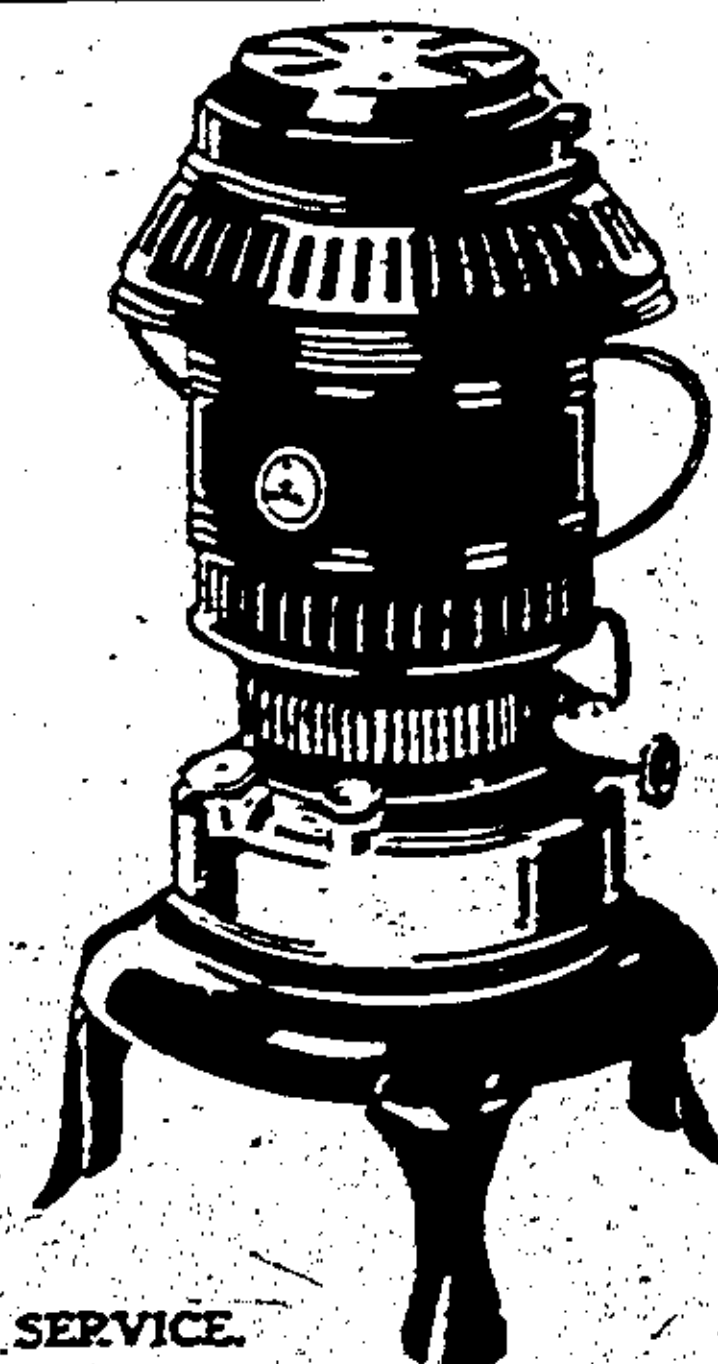
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## - A Ticket To Budapest -

(Continued from Page 15.)

of an ancient city seemed to halt and gaze with eyes of awe at a cosmopolis of a laughing, happy people.

The urge to be amongst the happy throng, and one of them, came to her, and, quickly dressing herself, she set forth from the hotel.

Already the cafes were astir, for the cafe business is a thriving one in Budapest, and laughter echoes and re-echoes from early morn'g to late night. Many interested glances were cast at the slim dark girl, who was so obviously a tourist, and she, feeling a kinship to these smiling people, gave smile for smile.

The sunlight was glittering on the waters of the Danube, and longing was in her to be on its blue crest, seeing the captivating city from the riverside. Boarding a ferry, she went to the top deck, so that the fresh, cool breeze could blow on her face. The boat was not crowded, and she noted there was only one other occupant, a young man, on the top deck besides herself.

Somewhere in the distance someone was playing a mandolin. The girl took off her hat to let the breeze blow through her hair, and leaned over the side of the ferry in the utter pleasure of the moment. The ferry glided gracefully past the old Royal Palace, and Esmeralda could see the romantic old gardens leading down to the water's edge. Further up they passed the ancient fortress, with the Danube washing mournfully around its walls, as it had for countless ages.

Hearing a slight cough behind her, and glancing around quickly, she found the young man studying her intently. For the space of a second their eyes met, and the girl's pulse raced. There was something very intimate in that look—an instantaneous and mutual attraction. The music throbbed heart-rendingly on the deck below, and the young man made as if to speak, and then, as though checking himself, sat back in his corner. Then, as suddenly as it had begun, the music stopped. The moment had passed, and silence also reigned on the top deck.

THE air was again redolent with music, and there were laughing whispers amongst the acacia trees as Esmeralda walked along the Corso in Pest to listen to the nightly concert. Magic was abroad, in the pale moon shining on the water, and wafted in the perfume of the pink and white acacias dreaming in the moonlight. Yet, despite it all, she was not pleased with herself. Here she was in the perfect surrounding for all that life could offer, but she could not truthfully say she was happy, and in two days she would be returning home to that eternity of another year in the office, and Mr. Gaumer's moods, with just the faint hope of looking forward to her next year's holiday at Brighton. Brighton, with its populace of the worthy middle class; but, for all that, had she not had happier holidays

there than here in Budapest. The folk were one's own people. Yes, that was it.

Esmeralda, much as she loved the beautiful in life, had a warm little heart, and people represented life to her. She had been in Budapest for ten days now, and she was craving for her own people. Not that she had not found the Hungarians she had met delightful. Always with them there was laughter, but at the quiet little hotel she was the only English person. The guests were not many—definitely uninteresting—a little Frenchman and his voluble wife, who spoke no English, a dismal Swede, who also spoke very little English, various Germans of uninteresting description, and the remainder Hungarians, amongst whom there was always laughter and enjoyment, and to whom the little dark girl, with the bright smile, was just a little English miss—an unknown quantity—and so they went their way laughing gaily, and playing at the game of life.

Indeed, she thought, all seemed to be enjoying themselves except herself, and this was borne home to her by the gay and unrestrained laughter of the three young men behind whom she seated herself in the chairs surrounding the raised orchestra platform.

Then there was a hush. The orchestra broke into a Hungarian rhapsody. Tense silence prevailed, for the laughing, happy Hungarian, like a child of nature, is deeply moved by music. Music means so much in his life that he seems to live to music, to think to music, and to love to music.

The music swelled into a wild ecstasy, and the girl felt as though she, too, was enacting a dramatised life other than her own. Then suddenly her attention was drawn by the turn of a head in front of her, and she looked again into the grey eyes of the young man of the boat. A shyness overtook her, and she returned her attention to the orchestra, but for the space of half a minute the young man disconcertingly fixed his eyes upon her.

Then the music stopped, and immediately a babble broke out in front of her between two of the young men in rapid Hungarian. Esmeralda rose at the same time as the young men. Her acquaintance of the boat turned expectantly around, but his arms were immediately gripped by his two voluble companions, and he was hurried through the crowd. Ruefully she thought there was no doubt but that he at least was enjoying himself.

IT was a chilly day for spring when Esmeralda Kenny left Budapest. The station was noisy with the voices of many nations, and she was an interested spectator sitting in a corner seat of the waiting train. Her trip to Budapest was over, and a sense of fitness seemed to des-

(Continued on Page 19.)

## - A Ticket To Budapest -

(Continued from Page 18.)

cend upon her, as though cynically asking her "What now?" What now, but London and the office, and never any more Budapest. Just one of the crowd at Brighton. But she thrust these thoughts aside. It was not like her to be retrospective—anyway, it had been a wonderful experience. She hoped the rest of the journey would be tranquil, and that she would just fall back at her desk at the office as though she had been there always and had just dreamed for five minutes that she was transplanted in Europe.

But was she being quite truthful with herself? Youth was too eager for the good things of life to think tranquillity desirable at twenty-two. Anyhow, she did hope that she did not get any noisy travellers in with her. As if in answer to her thought, the smiling guard thrust his head in the window, proceeding to open the carriage door, and to Esmeralda's astonishment the boy from the boat sprang into the compartment. He did not see her, but proceeded to make himself comfortable and settle his various belongings.

Then, still without glancing round, he planted himself at the window opposite her. A few moments had passed, with both young people scanning with eager eyes the bustling crowd on the railway station, when her companion murmured, as if thinking to himself:

"And I thought I was going to enjoy myself."

So he was English, too; then a little devil of amusement sprang into the girl's eyes, and in a low-pitched voice, as though continuing a conversation, she replied:

"And didn't you?" Immediately he turned, and the one word of amazement burst forth—

"You!" Then quickly: "Say, this is funny. Were you holidaying in Budapest, too?"

"Yes." All her vivacity had returned to her. "And, like you, I thought I was going to have the happiest holiday of my life."

A low laugh broke from her companion—

"Well, we are two of a kind. My name is Desmond Vane. You see, I've spent all my time cooped up in an insurance office until three weeks ago, when I was left some money. I always thought foreign travel was the best thing. I can't say I've enjoyed it so far, but perhaps I will yet."

A little answering smile played about the girl's mouth.

THE tedious journey across Europe passed unnoticed. They talked of the lights on the Danube by night, of days when the water was blue with the sunlight and brown with rain, and always it was "Do you remember the day?" Both loved the beauty of that gay city, and it was ever a delight to compare notes. She felt that never had she known anyone in her life so well as she had Desmond in this short time, while Desmond guessed he had always known just what she would be like.

THE girl awoke from her reverie at the sound of the man's voice.

"Oh! Esmeralda, do you remember that day I first saw you on the ferry? What a glorious day it was! If only I had spoken to you then."

She looked at him inquiringly. "Why?"

But, continuing, he did not answer her question.

"Then, do you remember the evening I saw you again on the Corso, what a night that was! If only I had spoken to you then."

Again Esmeralda echoed, "Why?"

A purposeful, intent look came into the man's eyes—

"Can't you guess?"

"No."

"I might not have had to get two tickets back to Budapest."

Immediately she was gathered into his arms.

And the old train knew as it jogged along, with its "Back to Budapest! Back to Budapest! A ticket to Budapest!"

(The End.)

### HER SPECIAL WEAKNESS

The postmistress of Plumpville was in bad odour. The villagers whispered that she tampered with the Plumpville packages; they murmured that she perused the Plumpville postcards. They didn't trust her.

A little boy entered the Plumpville post-office, bearing between his pudgy fingers a large piece of rich Christmas pudding.

"My ma sends this to you with her compliments," recited the youth, "and would you please eat as much as you can?"

The postmistress was delighted.

"How very kind of your mother to remember me!" she exclaimed.

"Does she know I have a special

weakness for Christmas pudding?"

"Yes, she does," replied the youngster; "so she thought she'd give you some this afternoon before she sent any off to her friends, just to take the edge off your appetite!"

### CHRISTMAS SEEDS

"Do you sell all sorts of seeds?" asked seven-year-old Dorothy.

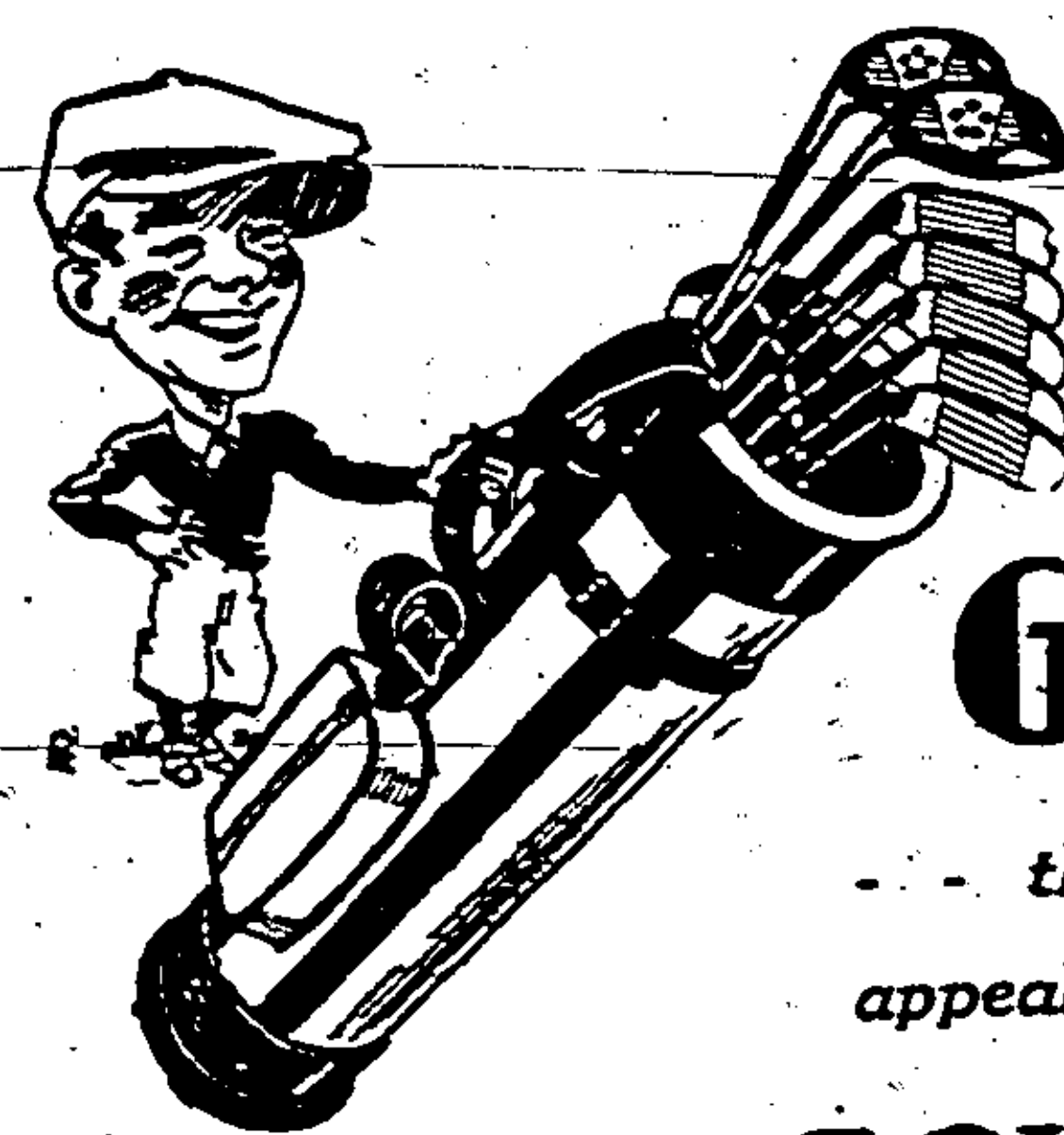
"Yes," replied the shopman.

"And do they always blossom?"

"Yes, miss."

"Then I want some seeds which will grow into a tree like that one in the window—with dolls, an' toys, an' sweets, an' everything!"

# CHRISTMAS



## Gifts

that will appeal to the

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## "NEEDED" TOP-FLITE

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in twenty different varieties are obtainable at all the leading provision stores

SOLE AGENTS FOR FAR EAST  
**MAISON F. MATHIEU, S.A.**  
PRINCE'S BUILDING

The homely little things of every day  
Were so much with her. Little cares  
And duties made her life—to dust the stairs,  
Put out the children's night things, pay  
Small bills in time for discounts, treasure  
In a box the Christmas tags and wrappings for another year.

What will she do, dear God, with all the space  
Of universes for her soul to tread?  
Without a dish to wash, a tumbled bed  
To smooth with loving hands, a tearful face  
To dry and kiss, a home to govern?  
Will not all Your golden mansions seem to her most dear?

So, in Your mercy, give to her,  
I pray,  
Something to do, at first, until she grow  
Accustomed to the change. Such things as here below  
Made full her busy day.  
Perhaps Your smallest angels need a touch  
Of brushing for their wings—or those who light the stars  
To be reminded it is night.

FAITH ELLEN SMITH.

They were very much in love, but there came the day when they had a bitter quarrel and parted, each resolving never to see the other again.

Years passed, and they had almost forgotten the little love affair, when they met at a Christmas dance. The man felt embarrassed, but said, softly:

"Why, Muriel!"  
She looked at him indifferently. "Let me see," she said, calmly, "was it you or your brother who used to be an old admirer of mine?"  
"I really don't remember," he replied, affably. "Probably my father."



"What are you like at fullback?" the captain of a Rugby team asked a new member of the club. "Oh, passable," was the modest reply. "Well, that's not much use," said the captain. "We already have a fullback who's passable. What we are looking for is one who's not."

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SES  
POUDRES  
CREMES  
ROUGES

## CHRISTMAS



## CRACKERS



"What are you coming home at this time of day for?"  
"Breakfast."

## Fitting Gift

A jig-saw puzzle.

## The Christmas Turkey

You must choose it before you can pick it.

## Businesslike

The brewer who sends all his customers an XXX-mas card.

## Well to the Front

"Mistletoe has its drawbacks," declares a writer. My flapper isn't one of them.

## She'll Find Out, Anyhow

"Don't tell your wife you have no money this Christmas," warns an optimist. It's better to give than deceive.

## Wellerism

"You're in for it now," as the taipan said when he gave his office boy a raffle ticket.

## Diligent

The pantomime fairy who started slimming because she was told not to look round at rehearsal.

## Another Wellerism

"Yule do," as the hotel manager said when he drew up the Christmastide menu.



"—and then I rushed up to the tiger and cut off his tail."  
"Why not his head?"  
"Somebody had done that an hour before I got there."

## A Blow for Him

The latest crackers contain small animals made of scented soap. Bang goes my young nephew's happy Christmas!

## Aggravating

"Most waits play by ear," I read. I wish they wouldn't play so much by mine.

## Might Be Striking

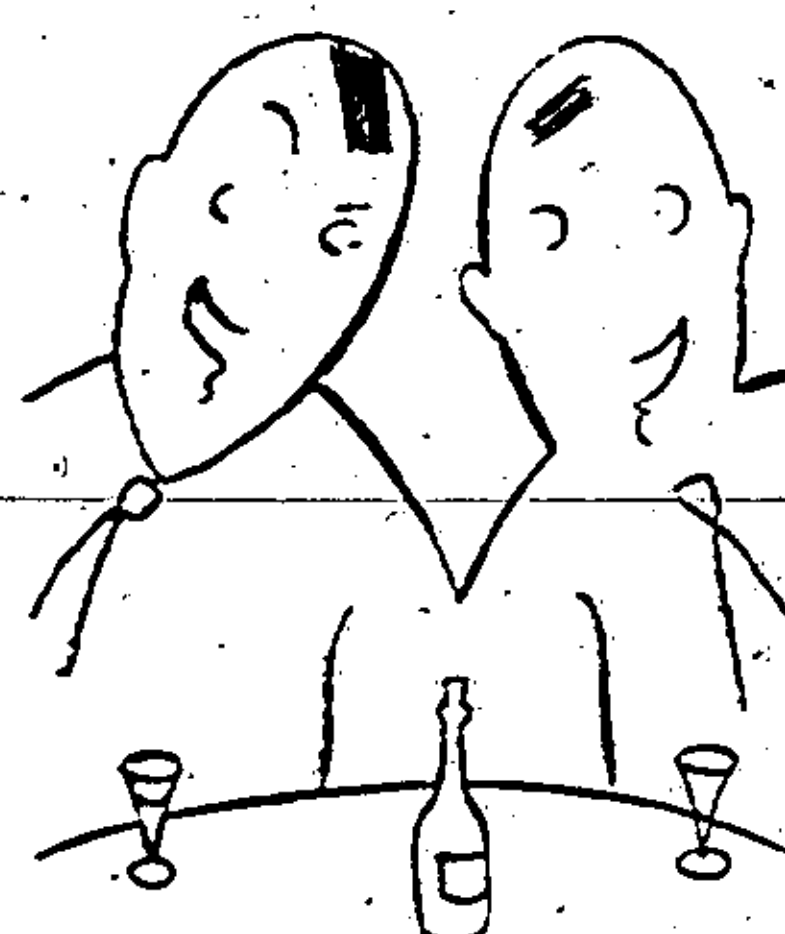
"What do you think of a clock as a gift idea?" I am asked. Well, it has its moments.

## Festive Spirit

Many public-spirited people give away coal at Christmas time. From their upper windows. To waits.

## As It Were

"I like my Christmas to be out of the ordinary," writes a correspondent. A sort of Christmas bizarre.



"There's only one thing worse than shaving with a razor that one's wife has borrowed for sharpening a pencil."  
"What is that?"  
"Using the pencil."

## ALL WENT THE SAME WAY

MacTavish called his friend Sandy on the telephone.

"What's detaining ye, mon?" he asked. "Aren't ye coming to the birthday party?"

"Weel," came Sandy's voice over the wire, "I dinna think it wise, Mac."

"What's wrong, mon?" asked the other.

"Weel, we've got a case of laryngitis in the house," explained Sandy.

"Bring it along to us, then," said MacTavish. "You know we can drink anything here."

"To be a successful sword-swallower requires years of training," says a writer. One should begin with small table-knives, helped down by generous portions of green peas.

## THREE AGES OF WOMAN

18—What's he like?

28—What does he do?

38—Where is he?

In America an increase in salary is called a raise. In Hong Kong it is called a miracle.

## Old Timer

A West of England garden contains a holly bush reputed to be two centuries old. A relic of the berried past.

## This Week's Couplet

When the moon's a silvery crescent  
All the past precedes the present.

## Up To Date

The modern child knows more about talkies than about plays for young people, I read. Hence one bright urchin's request to see "Anias in Wonderland."

## Stage Struck

"Who knows what an unpopular pantomime comedian goes through when the galleryites start throwing things?" asks a critic.—The wings, if he can get there in time.



Chairman: "Could you give us a song?"  
Amateur tenor: "Yes—but is this the time for it?"  
"Yes—we want the floor cleared for dancing."

## NO MYSTERY

A reformer, with a vivid imagination, was staying at a tiny fishing village. With his head full of thoughts of smugglers and contraband, he approached a fisherman and, pointing to a shed, asked: "For what fell and lawless purpose do you use that hut, my man?"  
"Well, sir," came the reply, "it's where we do boil the winkles."

He: "Do you mind if I smoke?"  
She: "I don't care a hang if you burst into flames!"

Lawyer: "Are you sure that defendant is the man who stole your car?"

Plaintiff: "Well, I was until you cross-examined me. Now I don't believe I ever had a car."

"An old school friend of yours asked to be remembered to you—a man called Robinson."  
"Don't remember him." Short chap with whiskers. "I never went to school with a short chap with whiskers."



She: "We must economise—what can you do best without?"  
He: "Your mother."

## Modern Version

Good King Wenceslas looked out  
When the light began to weaken,  
Then felt a jar as he swerved  
his car  
And nearly biffed a beacon.

## Deadly Enemy

An entirely new species of cat has been discovered, I read. I understand she is putting up exactly the same Christmas decorations as the woman next door.

## SOS

If the pretty girl, who was buying mistletoe in Flower Street at 4.30 p.m. last Thursday, will return to the same spot at the same time to-morrow she will wonder what has brought her there.

## The Way Out

The time is short, the list is long  
The prospect seems appalling:  
The will is good—the urge is strong,  
The Yuletide spirit's calling.  
What shall I give to kith and kin  
Now dwarfs all other questions,  
The one solution is—give in  
To all the wife's suggestions.



"And please make my big sister say 'Yes' when Mr. Jones asks her to marry him. He's promised me a new penknife if it comes off."

## - - The Two Promises - -

(Continued from Page 14.)  
It is the mystery of the two promises."

"The two promises?"

The chemist became animated. His scandal-loving soul shone in his little black eyes.

"The problem is this: Madame Gossain has made two promises, one to her dear father, one to her dear husband. To fulfil one promise she must break the other."

"And which . . . ?"

"Ah," Triquet shook his head. "We do not know. For eleven years we have tried to find out. But we know nothing."

"It was like this, mademoiselle. Madame Gossain's father inherited the chateau from his father, who got it from his father, and so on back for generations. Madame Gossain's father, ah, he loved the land, and while he lived the chateau was full of busy life, the fields gave their harvests in abundance, everything flourished."

"When he died, the old monsieur made his daughter promise that whatever happened she would keep the land. Never must the land leave the family. Madame promised."

"She married a handsome dreamy man, whose passion was for furniture, a fine artist, and so on. He was an incurable collector. He had no money of his own, but he filled the chateau with treasures. He took out mortgages on the land, the chateau, everything. He sacrificed all for his valuable furniture. And, just before he died, he made Madame promise that she must never give up his furniture. She loved him. She promised."

"That was eleven years ago. From that day to this no one has seen the inside of the chateau; the doors are barred to all. Madame lives there with her nephew and one old servant. Somehow, they have kept the land. How, we do not know. All we know is that they are land poor, and that life is a struggle up there at the chateau."

Monsieur Triquet leaned closer to Rhoda, his black eyes dancing.

"Exquisite, is it not, mademoiselle? The two promises. Such antagonistic things are in-

volved. Keep the land, or keep the furniture. She cannot keep both. Someday she must give up one or the other. I shall die happy if I have lived to see the outcome, mademoiselle."

The following afternoon, Monsieur Colin was waiting when Rhoda climbed the hill path, carrying her watercolour box. He greeted her with a smile.

"It is arranged," he announced. "You may paint to your heart's content, but"—he became serious—"you must not approach the chateau too closely."

"I understand," nodded Rhoda quickly. "I shall be satisfied to paint from this vantage point."

"May I stay and watch for a while?"

"Certainly."

It was the beginning of friendship. His mother had been French, but his father had been English, and for the first eighteen years of his life Colin had lived in England; consequently, his mind was an English mind that had not altered greatly in eleven years on French soil. He and Rhoda spoke the same language.

Every afternoon Rhoda came, and each time he managed to snatch a brief hour from his work so that he might be with her. Her first efforts did not satisfy her, and it was not until she had painted the third watercolour that she decided she could do no better.

"What are you going to call it?" Colin asked.

Unthinking, Rhoda replied: "The Chateau of the Two Promises."

He started. "Where did you get that name?" he demanded. "Village gossip," Rhoda spoke lightly, though she was aware that a flush had stained her cheeks.

For a moment he was silent, staring towards the chateau.

"It's a queer old place," he said softly. "When I first came here I came unwillingly. Now I love it with the same love my aunt has for it. I want to see this land giving harvests such as my grandfather extracted from it. But it needs money, labour; we must first spend to earn—and that is rather beyond us. I'm afraid."

Rhoda was careful never to

mention the two promises again. Her slip of the tongue had caused an unpleasant moment, and somehow she did not want any unpleasant moments to creep in between Colin and herself.

There came another afternoon when Colin again spoke seriously and told what was in his heart, but this time he uncovered a different subject.

"I am very poor, Rhoda—of course, someday I shall inherit the chateau and the land, but even then I would still be poor, there would still be the danger of losing all this. . . . I cannot offer you very much, and you would have to make sacrifices—for instance, with regard to your art—but I have known to love you."

He saw her hesitancy, and quickly he spoke. "Don't say anything, now, my dear. Think it over. Then, tomorrow—!"

Rhoda found it difficult to think clearly. She wandered alone back to the village, and, reaching the inn, stayed in her room till evening. Even when she at length slipped into bed there was no decision sharp at attention in her mind.

It was a tremendous, a rather frightening, question. Her whole future life was involved. Marriage to Colin meant giving up her studies, meant separation from her family, her friends, her nationality. The south of France had delighted her, but she had regarded her visit here purely as a holiday. The possibility of living here permanently had never occurred to her.

In the morning she was still uncertain. She began to doubt if it was love she felt for Colin, wondered if her modernity had been acquired at a dear price, so that such qualities as hardness and selfishness had had to be acquired also.

She strolled past that chemist shop after breakfast. Monsieur Triquet bounded to the door and called her name. She saw that he was in the grip of excitement.

"Mademoiselle, it has happened at last! I think we shall soon know which of the two promises Madame Gossain kept." He halted dramatically. "You see, Madame Gossain is dead!"

"Dead?" Rhoda put a hand to

her throat, as if to still the pulse which suddenly began to hammer there.

"She died peacefully in her sleep last night," explained Triquet. "The news has just reached the village."

Rhoda found herself walking up through the village towards the hill path. In sight of the chateau she did not hesitate; but continued straight on to the green gate in the wall. It opened at her touch, and a moment later she was knocking at the front door.

Colin appeared. He stood staring at her as if he did not know her. Quickly she put her hands on his shoulders and kissed him. "Rhoda . . . dearest . . ."

He drew her into the hall, and for the first time she was inside the chateau. She saw the hall was bare. He guided her into a big living-room, and save for a table and a few chairs and pictures of no value, this, too, was bare.

"You see now why she wanted no one inside the chateau?" said Colin. "The whole place is bare like this. All Monsieur Gossain's treasures are gone. For eleven years my aunt has been selling them one by one. She broke the promise to her husband, and kept the promise to her father. The antiques went; the land remains. Now it is the Chateau of the One Promise."

Rhoda held his hand, stroked it gently.

"Poor Colin, I know how you feel . . ."

"Yesterday she sold the last remnant of the collection. It paid off the last of the land debts. She died happy, I think. She tried hard to keep both promises; she sold each little thing grudgingly. But the land was life, the other—art. And it was a saying of hers that life comes before art . . ."

Rhoda was silent. A picture of Madame Gossain revolved slowly in her mind, and she realised how Madame had suffered. Abruptly she knew that Madame had chosen right from wrong. It was right life should come first.

"Colin—" As she spoke, he looked down into her eyes, he felt the warm clasp of her fingers, and he knew that she had made her choice and that she had chosen right from wrong.

[THE END]

## - The Way Of A Sailor -

(Continued from Page 12.)

"Of course, the party is off as far as I'm concerned." He sighed mournfully.

The colour in Joan's pink cheeks deepened. For the moment she had forgotten their quarrel. It was a habit of hers to forget them when carried away by one of her many enthusiasms. Should she greet his tacit thrust in dignified silence, or smile it off? The latter was really the better, for Laurie could be very stubborn at times, and might forgo the party if the mood was upon him.

She smiled her sweetest.

"Well, if you promise not to stroke me the wrong way again, perhaps, I'll forgive you."

As she dressed, she could hardly contain her excitement. She must look her best for Paul. Probably, the local belles would all be there, and she must outshine them.

Vividly she recalled the past Easter, when he had been visiting Long Shore. Laurie had been at sea at the time, and she had ample opportunity of meeting the actor. They had strolled together on the beach at dusk, had picnics at Craigie Point, talked . . . how they had talked!

Paul was so different from any man she'd ever met, so utterly different from the seafaring folk of Long Shore. Her vivid imagination had conjured for him a romantic birthplace:

Castile, Vienna, or perhaps, some sunny Pacific island. His life, with glamour of the theatre in the background, was colourful, exciting . . . In comparison, her own, Laurie's life, seemed hopelessly commonplace.

His departure had left her with a curious sense of loss, like seeing something beautiful and having it hastily snatched away.

And he had come back . . . to see her again!

"You've been hours," Laurie greeted her, when she joined him in the sitting-room. He was not yet ready to forgive her. But his face softened into a smile as she came towards him.

"Friends again?" he whispered, allying his arm about her waist.

"Of course," she responded, thinking with a little stab how

different her reaction would be if it were Paul's arms that encircled her waist.

Once outside, walking to the Cliff House, she felt repentant for her moment of disloyalty. It was Laurie's arms about her waist she wanted, and not Paul's, she told herself stoutly.

Most of the guests were present when they arrived, and having gone from one to the other with a little word of greeting Joan's eyes were suddenly drawn to a dark man, sitting at the end of the lounge, his handsome profile turned effectively towards anyone who might approach.

She advanced shyly, her heart hammering.

"You remember me, don't you,

(Continued on Page 24.)

for a Merry Christmas  
and a thrifty New Year.



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## - The Way Of A Sailor -

(Continued from Page 22.)

Mr. Christian," she inquired timidly.

He was on his feet in a moment, bending over her hand with an affected, stagey gesture.

"Of course! Mrs. Marcey's little girl."

Joan felt her enthusiasm quenched. He had, then, forgotten their intimacy of last Easter and remembered her only as "Mrs. Marcey's little girl." And she had had the conceit to think that perhaps he had returned to see her again!

"I expected more tact from one of your profession," she said.

"It wasn't quite tactful, was it?" he smiled, then drew his dark brows together thoughtfully. "Of course, I remember. You're.... You're.... Now, what is your name?"

"I didn't think you'd forget me so easily," she chided, sinking into a low chair. "I'm Joan Marcey."

"I've always had a weakness for forgetting names," he went on smoothly. Then, seeing that she was still a little hurt, he turned the conversation to a safer topic.

"Tell me what you've been doing since I saw you last, Joan."

She acquiesced readily, and plunged into an account of picnics, tennis tournaments, and hinted vaguely at her desire to "write." And to all this Paul listened, as one listens to the ramblings of a child.

Joan's stock of small talk was

soon exhausted, then Paul began. He loved talking about himself, and this naive little girl was an ideal listener. He spoke of the beauty of Rome and Naples, touched lightly on a play he was considering, hinted at recent successes.

"I'm here this week-end mainly to rest," he confided.

Their conversation was interrupted by their hostess coming to claim Paul, and, a little resentful of the intrusion, Joan joined Laurie.

Later in the evening, however, Paul asked her to dance—walked across the room in view of all the guests to do so. She flushed with pleasure, and vividly conscious of her importance and the many eyes following her (especially Laurie's) she danced in Paul's arms.

"It's hot in here," he said when the music stopped. "Let's get cool on the terrace."

"You know," he went on, when they were there, leaning over the balustrade, "you're a pretty little thing."

Joan flushed and murmured an unintelligible "I'm not really." He laughed softly, lifting her fingers to his lips.

"And a very fascinating child," he supplemented in a low tone.

Covertly, she glanced at him through her lashes, feeling suddenly disturbed. Was she going to get sentimental about him? She sensed, young and inexperienced though she was, that it wouldn't make a woman entirely happy to love Paul Christian. Besides, she had Laurie who loved her. Nevertheless, an

idle word from this man, a soft inflexion in his voice, swayed her so easily....

"Are you there, Joan?" Laurie called from the doorway.

She turned quickly, freeing her hand from Paul's, feeling a mixture of gladness and disappointment at the intrusion.

"Paul whispered as they went indoors:—

"I'll be on the beach to-morrow at noon. Please come too."

She nodded vaguely an affirmative.

She was hardly aware of Laurie's moody silence as they started homewards, conscious only of the new interest that had come unbidden into her life, an interest she wasn't sure she wanted.

Coffee was in readiness for them, warming on the stove, when they reached the cottage, and facing each other across the kitchen table, Joan suddenly became aware of the reason for Laurie's silent antagonism. He was jealous of Paul! A ripple of mirth shook her.

"Don't you think Paul is extremely handsome, Laurie?" she asked teasingly.

"I thought he needed a haircut," Laurie dismissed the fiery actor laconically.

For a moment she toyed with the delicious thought of disclosing the meeting of the morrow. Perhaps, he wouldn't laugh that little matter off! Better not, however, Laurie's look was not to be trifled with.

He said, irrelevantly:

"It's odd about seafaring folk. Joan; once they've been at sea, they can never quite get away from it. Even if they take on

something else, it still beckons." Joan nodded vaguely.

"Take Paul Christian, for instance," Laurie went on. "Before he went on the stage, he spent years in the service. And, Clare tells me, he still hankers after the sea. I suppose really that's the main reason why he comes here."

She looked at him blankly, her lips moving wordlessly.

"What do you mean?" she demanded at length.

Laurie helped himself to more coffee with aggravating formality.

"Surely, you know that he used to be a sailor," he continued. "Why, his father used to be a fisherman here, and, for that matter, Paul was born in one of those little cottages facing the point."

"It's not true...." Joan commenced.

Laurie shrugged.

"Ask your father."

Joan leaned back in her chair, speechless.

Paul, whom she had thought so different from anyone else, had been a sailor, and born, not in romantic Castile of Vienna, but here in Long Shore! The most ridiculous part of it all was that he came here to be near the sea: the sea she had always determined to get away from!

She laughed suddenly with a little gust of mirth.

"I'm resigned to my fate. It seems that I just can't get away from sailors.... And Laurie, what say we row across to the island to-morrow and have a picnic?"

(The End)

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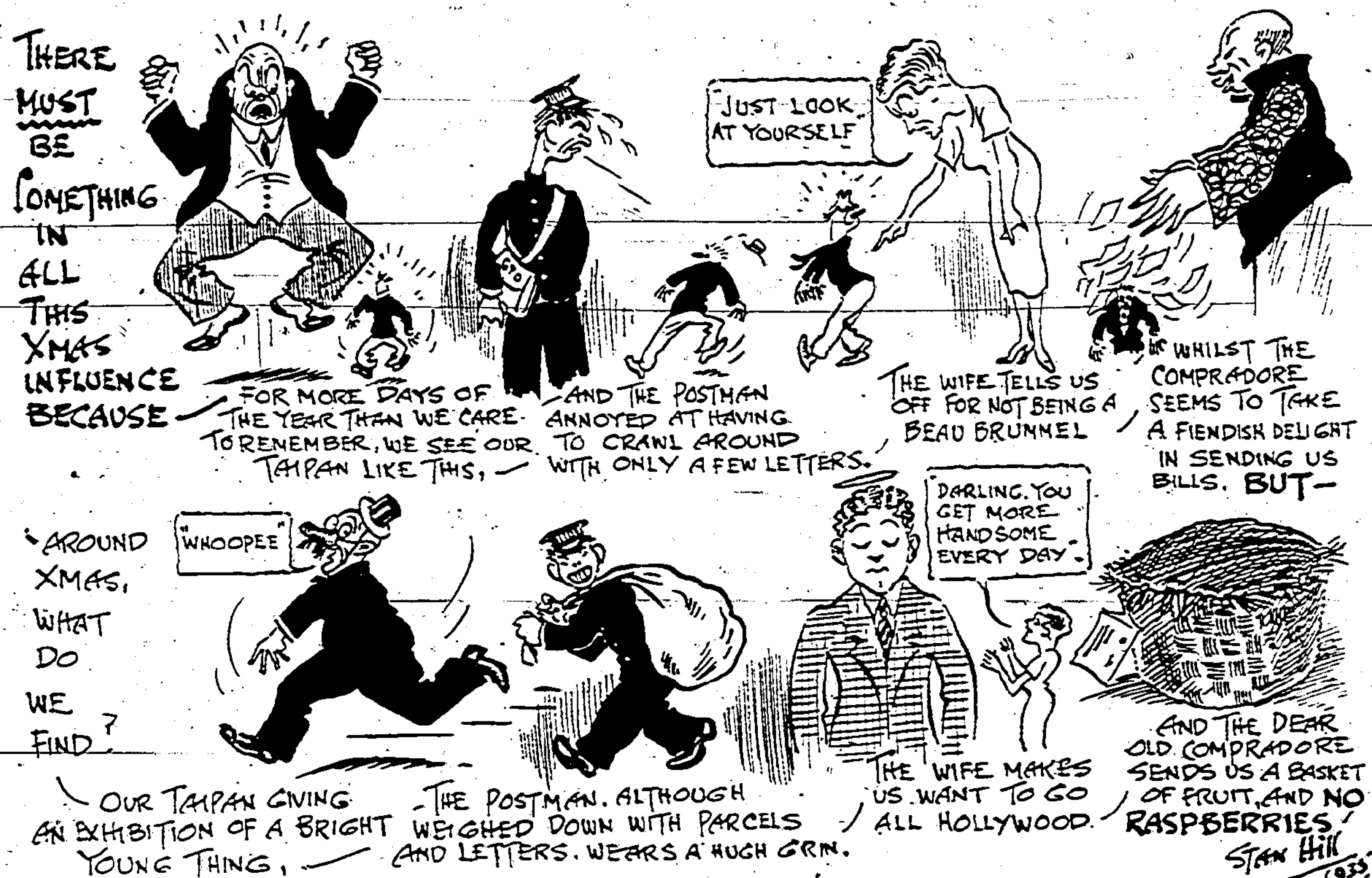
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## Unconditional Surrender

(Continued from Page 6.)

"Do you intend to speak to my father at Jill's wedding?" he inquired tersely.

"Certainly not, why should I?" replied Cecily with equal abruptness. She really felt at that moment that no matter what happened nothing would ever induce her to speak to the General again.

"Very well, then," Arthur delivered his ultimatum. "I shall be leaving the ship to-morrow at Fremantle."

"Oh-h-Arthur," Cecily swallowed hard to keep back the tears. "You . . . you, you can't do that . . . our trip will be . . . spoilt."

"I can't see that my remaining on or leaving the ship will make much difference to you. Your new friend, Kerry, will no doubt keep you entertained and amused. Of course, there is no accounting for taste," he added. "I suppose . . . even a crook or a confidence man in disguise can appear quite a good fellow . . . to a person whose discrimination in the choice of friends . . . is negligible!"

The sarcasm in his voice cut her to the quick, but Cecily would not allow him to see it. Instead, she turned coldly to him.

"How dare you speak about him in that way. Mr. Kerry is a charming man. It is such a treat to be with someone who knows how to behave decently to a woman." But, even as she picked up the cudgels on his behalf, a sudden wave of distaste for Austin Kerry swept over her. His eyes . . . yes, there was something queer about them. He never seemed to look quite at one. She felt Arthur was right. He was a shrewd judge of character, and could sum up the average person on sight. His profession as a barrister demanded it.

"If you are satisfied, so am I," was his quiet reply, as he turned on his heel.

Cecily's low and vibrant "I hate you," caused him to pause. He glanced at her face, caught her look of misery, and the effort to keep back her tears. He suddenly felt a cad. A feeling that he wanted to lift her into his arms, crush her to his breast, swept over him. He wanted to love her again. To feel her lips on his own. If they had not been on the public deck he would have swept the whole of their quarrel to the winds. The thought of leaving the ship on the morrow repelled him most horribly; it was almost more than he could bear.

"Dash it all!" he looked round to see if there was anybody about, and took one step towards his wife. But at that moment,

an unkind fate, in the form of Austin Kerry, ruined everything by appearing round the corner in search of Cecily.

The moment went by, and Arthur, cursing everything, especially men of Kerry's ilk, shrugged his shoulders and sauntered away, immediately reverting to his former mood. Cecily needed a lesson, he reflected. The sight of Kerry prompted this decision, and by Jove she should have one! He would leave the ship most definitely in the morning.

But . . . she won't let me go when it comes to the point . . . was the thought that consoled him for the rest of the day.

Had Cecily been able to peep into Arthur's mind at the time Kerry appeared so inopportune on the scene everything would have been all right. She would not have let him go. But fate never seems content unless it is meddling in our affairs; so neither Arthur nor Cecily would give the sign the other was eagerly waiting for, and when the morning came Arthur felt they were so deep in the mire of their quarrel there did not seem to be anything for him to do but to carry out his threat.

He left the ship.

Kerry was delighted.

Once out to sea again, Kerry manoeuvred to get on a footing of his own making with Cecily. But, although she danced a lot with him—she genuinely enjoyed his dancing—he always failed to lure her up on to the boat deck afterwards, which caused him many pangs of disappointment.

The fact was, Arthur's warning rankled in her mind, in spite of feelings which would have led her into more than a mild flirtation with any man who had really interested her. But one must draw the line. Even if one does temporarily hate one's husband, and feel the need for reckless diversion.

Kerry, however, once having attached himself to Cecily had no intention of taking to heart any little rebuff, such as her refusal to accept his repeated invitations to the boat deck, and remained her most cheerful and constant companion when she was not playing bridge or occupied with other friends.

It was about half-past eleven, the night before the ship reached Sydney.

Cecily, who had been playing bridge with three others, was about to leave the card table when Austin Kerry appeared at her side. It seemed obvious he must have been waiting for her. His manner portrayed a certain amount of eagerness.

Both the man . . . was her fleeting thought—I hope he doesn't mean to be troublesome. She looked at him with cool interrogation.

"Yes, Mr. Kerry?"

"Could I see you for a few minutes?" he asked in a lowered voice.

(Continued on Page 27.)

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## Unconditional Surrender

(Continued from Page 26.)

"Sorry," she replied. "I am engaged for supper." She had been right in her supposition. His very eagerness and the confidential tone in which he had made his request portrayed his intentions.

Cecily was not unaware of her attractions, and guiltily she felt she had allowed this man to monopolise her rather a lot the last ten days. He had evidently misjudged her, all the same. She began to move after the others, who had already left the room.

"It is something I would like to show you, and have your opinion about. May I see you after your supper?"

"Very well," replied Cecily, as she hastened away—wondering, as she went, what it could be he wanted to show her, and why he had left the showing so late in the trip.

An hour later Cecily, in a corner of the deserted smokeroom, waited for Austin Kerry to speak.

"I say, old thing," he began. "This is the last night you know, and you haven't been very kind to me. Your lips really are enticing. Cecily of the red lips . . . just one . . . please." Her companion seemed to have forgotten his former request, for her opinion about something. Instead, here he was with his arm possessively round her making love.

"Really, Mr. Kerry," she said coolly, "I don't think you are behaving at all well. You seem to have brought me here under false pretences."

"I'm sorry," Kerry was all contrition as he let her go. "But it is jolly hard to have a lovely little person like you all to myself under ideal conditions and all the rest of it, and not to be allowed even a parting kiss. Don't you think so?" he pleaded.

"Not at all," Cecily was more amused than angry. He was quite harmless if he only wanted kisses. Nevertheless, he must be put in his place.

"You must remember I am a married woman."

"And all the more attractive," was his laughing reply, "it is always the unattainable that has the most value."

Cecily rose. He was beginning to be troublesome after all.

"Do you mind if I say good-night? I am rather tired," she forced a yawn.

"Oh! but I have not shown you the pearls," Kerry became all eagerness again, as he gently pushed Cecily back on to the sofa.

"Look!" His hands were almost trembling as, taking a case from his breast pocket and opening it, he held up for her inspection a string of faultlessly matched pearls, which must have been worth well over a thousand pounds; as far as she could judge.

"Oh! how beautiful," she exclaimed breathlessly.

"You like them, then?" Kerry watched her narrowly.

"Why! they're wonderful—beautiful—but . . . they must have cost you a large sum of money?"

"On the contrary, no—I picked them up in Colombo for a mere song. I don't know much about pearls, but they looked as if they might be fairly good, so I bought them; after beating the old chappie down to half the price he was asking. They are a present for the mater. I want to take her something decent when I return to the old country, and it was while I was fossicking through an old junk shop in the native bazaar I came upon these. Doubtless stolen property. You really think she will like them?"

"I think she should be delighted with such a magnificent gift."

Cecily was holding the pearls all this while—admiring them.

Suddenly, as if the thought had just come to him, Kerry said:

"Try them on." He took them from Cecily's hand and clasped them round her neck as he spoke. The feel of their cool silkiness sent a thrill of pleasure through her.

"They suit you to perfection," he remarked admiringly, at the same time running his hand down her throat over the pearls. She recoiled at his touch, it was almost as if some evil had passed through her. She quickly dispelled the feeling.

"Would you like to wear them for a while? I don't mind in the least, if it would give you any pleasure. You can return them in the morning," he continued.

The pearls seemed to fascinate Cecily. After all, why not? she thought. She looked up to find Kerry's eyes fixed curiously and intently upon her. It seemed almost as if he were trying to will her into keeping them on. His look quickly changed, however, and he again smiled his usual debonaire smile as he added:

"Do keep them on, I know you would like to."

"But, I should be frightened of something happening to them."

"Perhaps I had better not," Cecily protested weakly; wavering between desire to do as he wished and fear for the safety of the pearls.

"Nothing could happen to them. They would be just as safe with you as they are with me. No one on the ship knows anything about them . . . but, of course, if you would rather not." His tone was rather hurt.

Cecily seemed to feel that compelling look fixed on her again, and found herself answering almost mechanically.

"I think I should rather like to have them. It would be fun to wear such lovely pearls . . . I can return them in the morning."

"Excellent! But if you don't happen to see me first thing, keep them awhile. I may have to dash off as soon as we berth, on business, to see a woman leaving for Melbourne. If so, I will see you later on the wharf."

(Continued on Page 30)



"When pearly teeth, our  
Serving-men,  
Are busy as can be,  
Some tiny little par-ti-cles  
Will cling to them, you  
see.  
And if these little par-ti-cles  
Continue there to stay,  
They man-u-fact-ure Acid  
In a most pe-cu-liar way!

"This Acid sharp, perhaps  
you know,  
Is bad for pearly teeth.  
A tiny bit too much of it  
May harm them past belief!  
And that is why we brush our  
teeth  
So well, three times a day—  
To catch these small food  
par-ti-cles  
And drive them far away."

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Rata\*Rata\*Rata

## Christmas In Other Lands

(Continued from Page 8.)

But although the festivities in Stockholm are typically Swedish, it is in the country that one comes most closely into touch with that spirit of hospitality and goodwill which has been cultivated so lovingly by the Swedes for so many generations, even as far back as the early pagan times before the coming of Christ, when the "Hjäl" or midwinter festival was celebrated in honour of the old Viking gods. The Swedes are a particularly home-loving race, and in the many beautiful country estates, and indeed in every home from the highest to the lowest, from the wild northern county of Lapland to the milder, gentler county of Skane, the ancient customs are still preserved intact, and the Christmas tradition holds even more strictly than in history-loving England.

On December 13 the "Lucia" festival takes place. This, in the opinion of the male members of the house, is perhaps the nicest custom of all. One of the younger girls of the family, dressed in a long, white, ankle-length gown, and wearing a wooden crown containing lighted candles and green leaves on her head, wakes each member of the household with a tray containing specially baked buns and black coffee, which she serves to them

in bed. This old custom is said to date back to 804 A.D., when a Saint Lucia was martyred in Syracuse, and it has gained special significance from the fact that the night before December 13 was thought to be the longest and darkest in the year, the "Lucia" thus marking the beginning of lighter days, and health and strength for man and beast in the coming year.

But it is on December 24 that the festivities start in earnest. For thirteen days, until January 6, while snow and wind fight bitterly without, all is feasting and drinking and merriment.

At midday on Christmas Eve everyone gathers with much laughter and jesting in the warm kitchen, where they all d'p their bread in a large kettle full of steaming pork broth. Perhaps, as they eat, some who have a deep knowledge of their country's history, think back to the old pagan days, when exactly the same custom was practised by the daring Viking warriors, any rate, it doesn't matter to the Swedish children how it originated. For them it means simply "Christmas," and for weeks beforehand they have counted the days by saying "the day before, the day before, the day before the Dipping Day!"

(THE END)

## -- Christmas Candles --

(Continued from Page 11)

Ah!" His one and expressive movement of his hands and shoulder plainly indicated his disappointment in the unnatural behaviour of his two clients.

Carelessly Barbara's eyes wandered across the room in the direction he pointed. The head was familiar, but it was not until the man turned and held her gaze that she realised it was Graham Barton. As if her thoughts had summoned him there she blushed. But it couldn't be him. He was dining with old friends of his, for he had told her so himself....

"So the ingenious spirit of Christmas refused to allow our little deception, though we very nearly succeeded in deceiving each other," he said as he brought a chair and sat opposite her at the little table. "To think that we were both playing the same game, little girl! And it was a rather lonely little game on Christmas Eve—wasn't it?"

A little later, with beaming countenance proclaiming that he considered himself directly responsible for the romance he saw growing before his eyes, the Frenchman swept away the roast turkey and placed before monsieur and madame a miniature plum pudding, around which the blue-red flame of burning brandy curled triumphantly.

"Barbara, will you promise not to think me quite mad if I tell

you that in the cardboard box under my chair there is a tiny Christmas tree—"

"Oh, Graham! Has it red and yellow candles?" she interrupted him, her eyes shining.

"Yes, it has, but how did you know, wise woman?" the man asked as he looked lovingly at the happy face before him. He had not seen this new radiant Barbara before, and he found it rather intoxicating.

"Because I wanted a little tree like that, wanted it so much that I nearly bought it, but I wasn't brave enough to have it by myself. Do let me see it."

There it stood on the table between them, its small green form embodying the spirit of Christmas as faithfully as those great snow-laden trees cut from the woods of England had held it through the centuries.

Looking down from the balcony of the hotel in the early hours of the morning Barbara watched the life and the movement in the street below. Christmas morning—the birth of the Christ Child, the birth of a new day, and for her and the man she loved the birth of a new life together.

"I tried, little aunt," she whispered. "I made them believe I was happy, but I shall never have to pretend any more now."

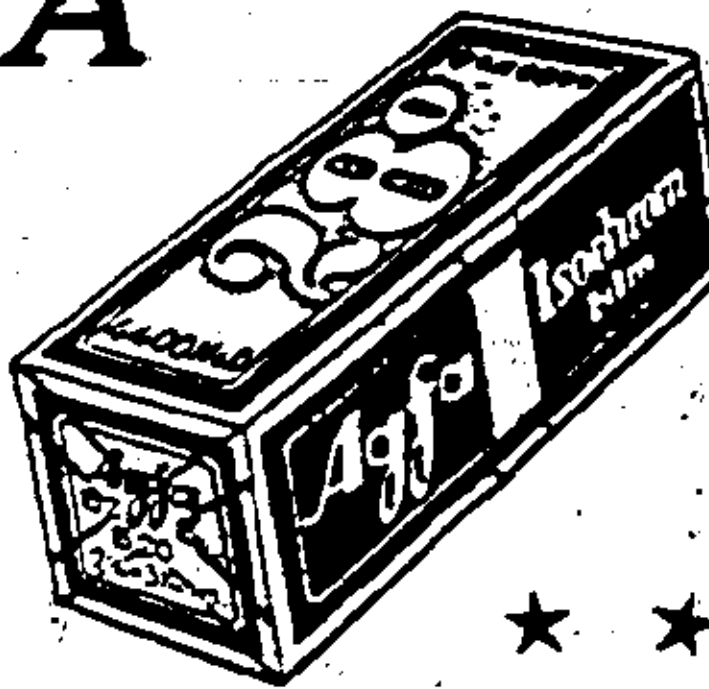
[THE END]

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## - Christmas Messages -

### "A HAPPY CHRISTMAS"

(Continued from Page 2)

forth the captain that shall rule my people Israel. "Yet neither Herod, nor his Court, nor Jerusalem wanted this Light, nor would harken to this message: "they were troubled." Their astrologers had not seen this star, of which the Magi spoke; they were satisfied with the findings of their astrologers. They would not see beyond.

So we come back to the real message of Christmas which our old Christmas cards gave us: a happy Christmas. It is much more a healing of heart than our world needs than wisdom of the worldly wise. It is ever the pure of heart who shall see God. It is the pure of heart who will really go over to Bethlehem. The star will shine unfailingly there: over the hills the angels' song will still float: "Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis:—Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will."

The sceptics will make merry at the story of the star. The Jew in the Court of Herod will resent the intrusion of a heavenly message amidst their revelry: they will be troubled. For a moment the voice of conscience speaks but they will stifle it. For themselves, alas, they succeed only too well. The tragedy is that they seek to kill the Innocents. So the world weary of war continues at war. Would that on all the message of peace might descend, filling their hearts with praise and with true love: A HAPPY CHRISTMAS!

cent, filling their hearts with praise and with true love: A HAPPY CHRISTMAS!

### "IT HAPPENED"

(Continued from Page 2)

out again like a mountain at dawn, impregnable, sunlit, hopeful and triumphant.

God has spoken. God has acted. The Word is made Flesh. God is and we are God's.

If God is and we are God's then we are free indeed, not to batter a world intractable into such shape as our best wits can make it but as Sons about our Father's business to work in His vineyard. The freedom of the son whose father is the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ is freedom indeed.

So Christmas comes again. Scrooge and Tiny Tim and you and I can hasten to the manger. While angels sing that God is God, and God is good we may lay our battered lives and sorely wounded world before the humble throne of God.

### THE JOY OF CHRISTMAS

(Continued from Page 2)

virile Christianity not only at Christmas time, but throughout the year, we shall understand just why it is that Christianity has given us perhaps the most popular and happiest festival in the world.

## - THE SHOW WINDOW -

(Continued from Page 7.)

read an urgent appeal to her to play the part he had put upon her. There was something of indignation in her, and yet a strange unwillingness to flout that appeal.

"Well, I'll do what you asked me, Arthur," said Rawdon. "I will see this young lady often, I hope; but, as I've got an appointment now, I'll leave you two together."

When he had gone, before Molly could pour out the indignation that had grown within her, Douglas seized her arm, steering her towards an arcade where there was moderate quietness.

"My apologies!" he said. "But before you get angry with me, let me explain. What seems like a liberty to you was a matter of urgency to me. I'm a bankrupt. I hadn't a chance in the world, except by fighting back at a time when all fighting was against odds. My uncle has money, and when I told him I had had my lesson he said he'd help me out on two conditions. One was that I should show my readiness to do anything—anything, however humiliating—to make an honest living and live upon what I earned. He made it hawking—just to show that I had the strength of will to stand it."

"Yes, but why bring me in in the way you did? You don't even know me!" cried Molly indignantly. "It's an insult!"

"Please don't take it like that," pleaded Douglas sincerely. "I said what I did say because it was something I hoped for. One of my uncle's conditions was that I should marry. I told him there was a girl I wanted to marry; I would tell him who she was

after I'd passed the first test. It was only a tale; but then I met you. One day Uncle Harry asked me if I had made up my mind, and who was the girl. Your name slipped out; I'd discovered it from that letter you dropped out of your purse in the restaurant, when I picked it up for you."

"My name slipped out!" exclaimed Molly. She had no memory of the letter incident.

"You see," said Douglas, earnestly, "I was always thinking of you. You have meant so much to me; without you I could not have passed the other test. I was often going to throw up the job my uncle had put upon me; it seemed degrading, fawning upon people and having doors slammed in my face. Then I discovered that you were in that window. If a girl like you, educated and cultured, could stick to a job like that just because it was honest work, well, so could I to mine. Every day I'd pass to have a look at you, just to see you were still there; if you hadn't been I might have given up myself. But you were sticking it, and so did I."

"You see how important you have been to me," he said with a smile which had a grave sincerity. "You see, the girl in the restaurant was the only girl I could think of—the only girl I wanted to marry."

He must have seen something in her manner which reassured him, for he laughed boyishly.

"It's only fair that you should complete the good work! I say, couldn't we go somewhere and talk matters over?"

She was Molly of the Happy Heart again as she walked beside him.

[THE END]

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## - Unconditional Surrender -

(Continued from Page 27.)

In her cabin later, Cecily began to feel rather queer about the pearls. She was sorry she had decided to borrow them. She tried to reassure herself there couldn't be anything wrong in it; and fell asleep trying to pretend they were really her own—a present from Arthur.

Next morning the ship was all bustle and confusion, as she berthed early. As Kerry was nowhere to be seen, Cecily came to the conclusion he must have been too busy packing to bother about breakfast.

Going up on deck she scanned the wharf below, took two or three turns round the deck, and decided he must have gone off, thinking at the same time it was strange he had not been near her. He had had every opportunity of doing so. She turned her attention to the crowd on the wharf, wondering as she scanned the throng below eagerly for a familiar face, if Arthur would come to meet her. Her hopes soon sank, however, and bitter disappointment took possession of her. He was not there.

Slowly, she went down the gangway, to see about her luggage, wondering what would happen when she arrived home—what would be the outcome of their wretched quarrel. For the moment she had forgotten all about Kerry and his pearls.

A sudden touch on her arm brought Cecily back to earth with a start. Thank goodness, she thought with relief, the man at last. She turned eagerly, to find herself confronted, not by Austin Kerry, but by two stern and stalwart-looking men wearing C.I.B. badges.

The sight gave her rather an unpleasant start, as they were obviously interested in her. Her hand went instinctively and indiscriminately up to the pearls round her throat.

The detective, whose hand was by now firmly on her arm, nodded to his companion, who slightly closed one eye.

"Would you mind explaining that nice string of pearls you've got on, Miss?" he said suavely.

"Oh, yes, certainly," replied Cecily quickly, "they belong to a fellow-passenger, Austin Kerry," and finding her explanation harder than it should have been, under the intent looks of the detectives, ended up lamely: "He, he lent them to me." This seemed rather awful. Cecily began to feel confused. It was almost as if they suspected her of having stolen the pearls.

"Yes?" the detective interrogated crisply, "and where is Austin Kerry?"

"Why . . . he . . . I don't know," she faltered. "You do believe me, don't you? I'm Mrs. Grant, wife of Arthur Grant, the barrister; you must know him."

"We know Mr. Grant all right, but, you see, we don't know you."

No offence meant, of course."

"As it happens," the detective continued, "we are on the lookout for a string of pearls, supposed to be on this ship. Stolen property," he emphasised the words, "valued at two thousand pounds; and that's about the value of the string round your neck, see?" He paused to allow the significance of his words to sink in.

"Oh!" gasped Cecily, unable to speak. She suddenly felt faint, her knees seemed to be giving way. Her whole being became engulfed in a feeling of horror. Why hadn't Arthur come to meet her? She felt dizzy, and everything seemed to be swimming round. As if from a distance she could hear the detective again querying her:

"And where is Mr. Grant?"

By the tone of his voice, and the significant glances that passed between the two men, she realised neither of them believed her.

She felt trapped. As if she really were guilty.

Oh! how could she explain to these two unbelieving men. Then it suddenly came to her startled brain. The whole thing was a trick. A trick of a cunning, low crook. Arthur had been right in his summing up of Kerry.

As the wife of a well-known barrister, she would not even be looked at, and when she had passed the Customs, and probably the police as well, Kerry would, as soon as she arrived home, call and collect his booty, to disappear again immediately into the blue.

"It's . . . a . . . trick," Cecily at last managed to stammer, trying to force herself into giving a coherent explanation.

Then, joy!

Through the numbness of her brain another voice penetrated. She could hardly believe her ears. Arthur's brisk voice, demanding to know what it was all about. He had come to meet her after all.

Then she fainted.

A few seconds later she opened her eyes to find herself on a large packing-case with Arthur bending over her.

"Oh, Arthur," she faltered, almost sobbing with relief. "I'm so glad you've come."

Arthur looked at her intently. In his eyes there lurked a twinkle which Cecily did not notice.

"Are you going to speak to my father at the wedding?"

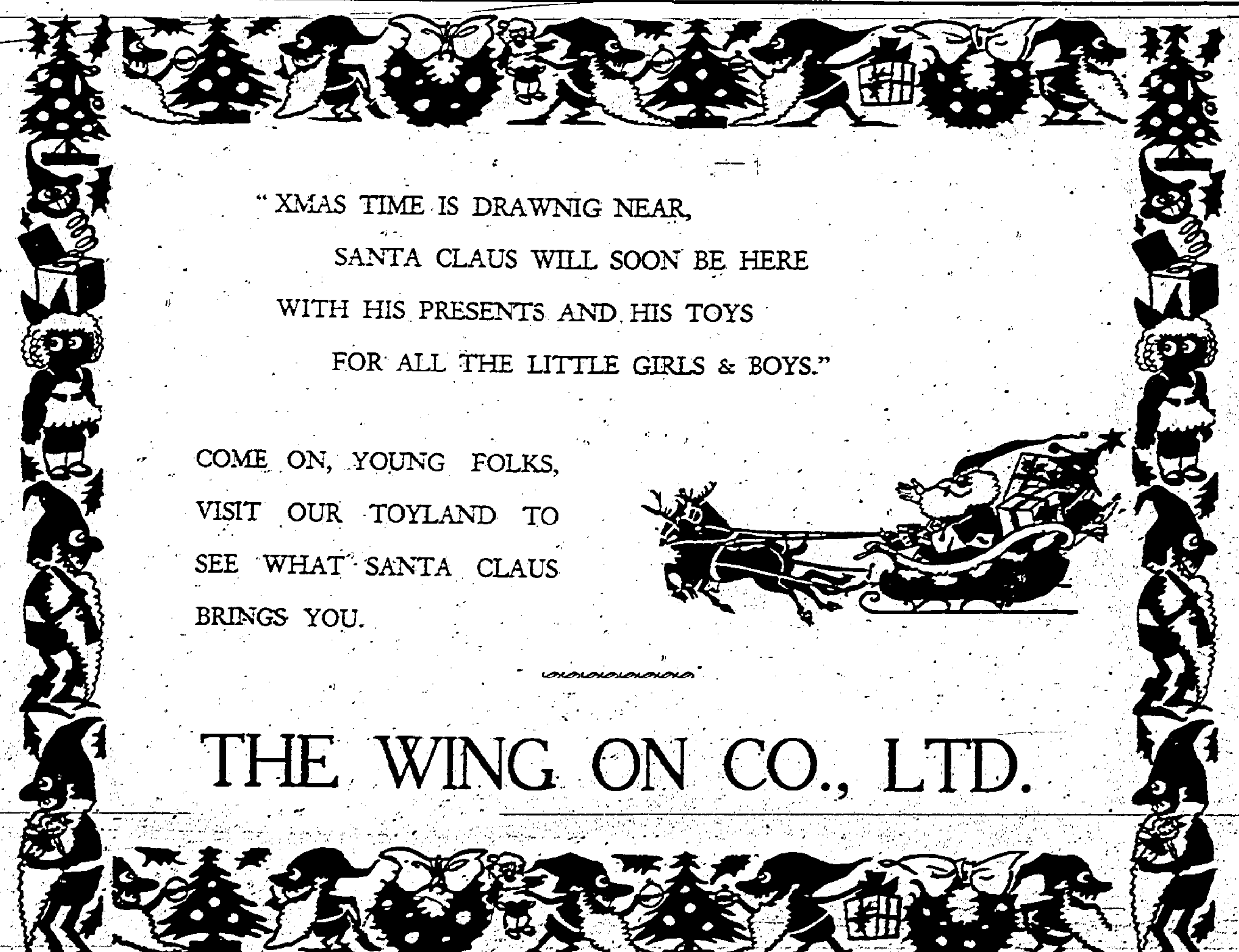
His moment of triumph had arrived, and he was taking full, if rather mean, advantage of it.

To Cecily's mind came the horrible thought that Arthur was quite capable of disowning her to the detectives, whom she could see, still standing by.

She surrendered unconditionally. Her pride a thing of dust and ashes.


"Darling," she whispered, as she flung herself into his arms, "I'd speak to the Devil if you wanted me to."

[THE END]

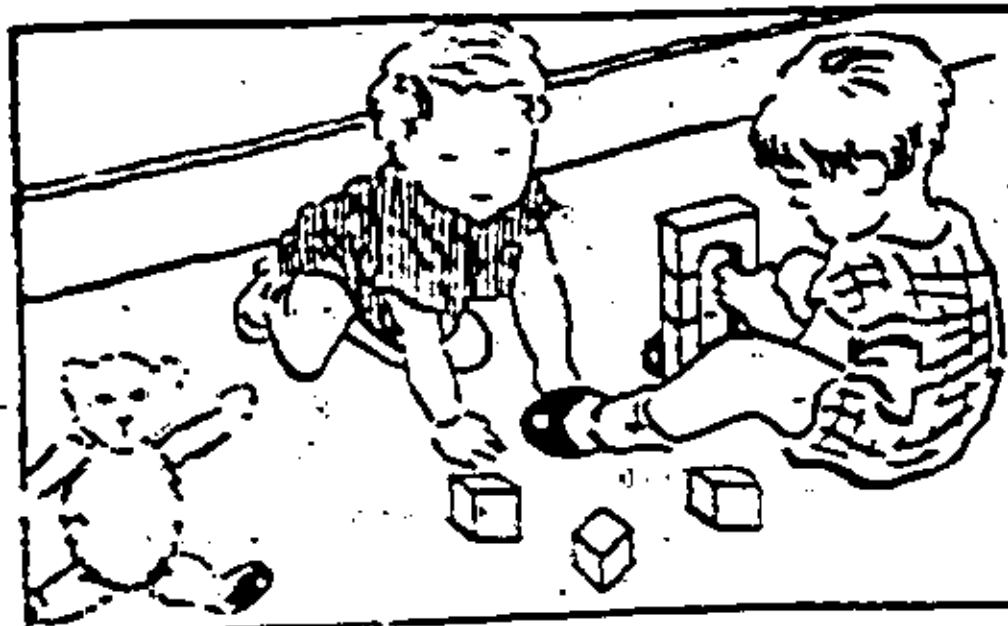


"XMAS TIME IS DRAWNIG NEAR,  
 SANTA CLAUS WILL SOON BE HERE  
 WITH HIS PRESENTS AND HIS TOYS  
 FOR ALL THE LITTLE GIRLS & BOYS."

COME ON, YOUNG FOLKS,  
 VISIT OUR TOYLAND TO  
 SEE WHAT SANTA CLAUS  
 BRINGS YOU.



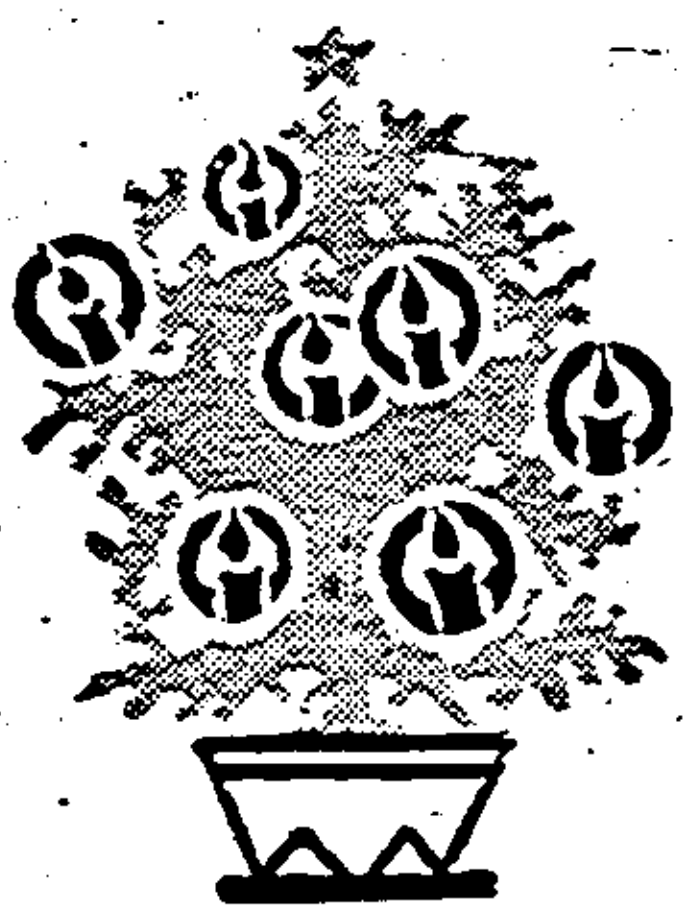
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## CHILDREN'S CORNER

### I LOVE THE CHRISTMAS CANDLES

*I love the Christmas candles  
Upon the Christmas tree;  
They make it very happy.  
'Tis very plain to see  
But I love the Little Candle  
God lighted long ago,  
In a far-off Eastern village;  
'Twas the time of frost and snow.*



*And now again 'tis Christmas,  
God wants us all—ah, me!  
To remember that Little Candle  
Was set on Calvary's tree.*

### NURSERY RIMES IN HONG KONG STYLE

THE First Moon brings the New Year gay,  
Crackers, gifts and fine array.  
The Second brings the thunder out,  
Excited insects run about.  
The Third brings banners red and yellow,  
To ancestral graves they follow.  
The Fourth Moon brings the lychees small,  
Red and tasty, one and all.  
The Fifth Moon sees a lively race,  
Dragon Boats glide on space.  
The Sixth brings hottest days,  
I vow,  
The ricksha coolie mops his brow.  
The Seventh Moon, the seventh day,  
Star lovers meet on Milky Way.  
The Eighth sees Moon Cakes piled up high,  
For midnight feast beneath the sky.  
The Ninth Moon sees the silk kites fly,  
And Chinese climb to places high.  
The Tenth may bring a typhoon strong,  
Sweeping junk and boats along.  
The Eleventh Moon brings weather cool,  
The fishes swim in icy pool.  
The Twelfth Moon brings the street fair gay,  
With gold-fish, toys and blossom-spray.

*Sing a song of six cents,  
A bowl full of rice;  
Four-and-twenty frog's legs,  
And ever so much spice.*

*When the rice was eaten,  
The legs began to dance,  
The chop-sticks turned a somersault—  
The spice looked on askance.*

### IN THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

Mabel was trotting along with her father when he was showing their new country home to a visitor. "Do you like the wood-work?" asked her father.

"Very much," answered the visitor. "I love your mahogany doors in contrast to the white paint. Are they solid mahogany?"

"Yes, and hand-made," answered the proud owner, and then he enlarged on some of the features that made his new home especially attractive to him.

When the caller had gone, Mabel climbed on her father's knee and said: "Daddy, why are you so proud of these doors? Is solid mahogany better than other wood?"

"Yes, mahogany is expensive wood, because it must be brought a long way for us. The tree grows near the Bay of Honduras. It grows in the forests and black men are sent to cut it down. The tree takes a long time to grow, longer than it takes a little girl like you to grow into an old woman."

"No wonder you are so fond of our doors," said Mabel, interested in her Dad's words. "Do you know anything else about the tree?" she asked.

"To believe you are trying to

to England carrying some boards of the mahogany tree. The brother of that ship's captain was a doctor, and he was building a home for himself."

"May I use these boards for my doors?" he asked the captain. "I like the colour."

"You may," answered the brother, but when the workman tried to use it, they grew angry because the wood was so hard that it ruined their tools. The doors idea was abandoned, but a candle-box was made out of a small piece of the wood.

"What a lovely box," said the Doctor's visitors, as he was showing them through the house, just as I did to-day. "What kind of wood is it made of?"

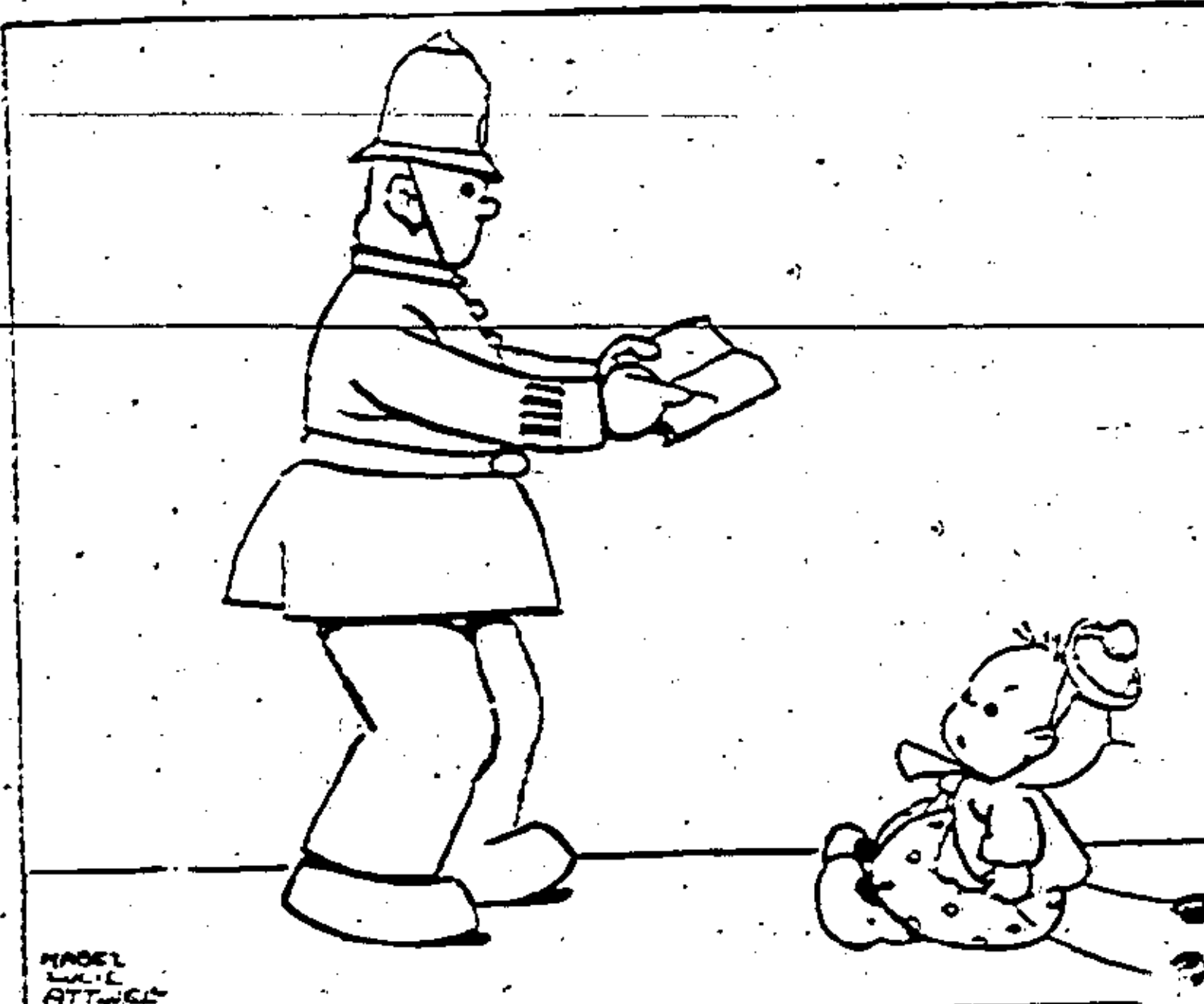
"Mahogany,"

"Where did you get it?" they inquired.

"From America," he answered. "My brother brought it back."

"Who made the candle-box?" was the next question, and before long that cabinet-maker had made a little fortune."

When Mabel's father ceased talking, she gave him a kiss and thanked him for telling her such a lovely story.



*If you have some crayons at home try to colour this picture. You will have lots of fun.*

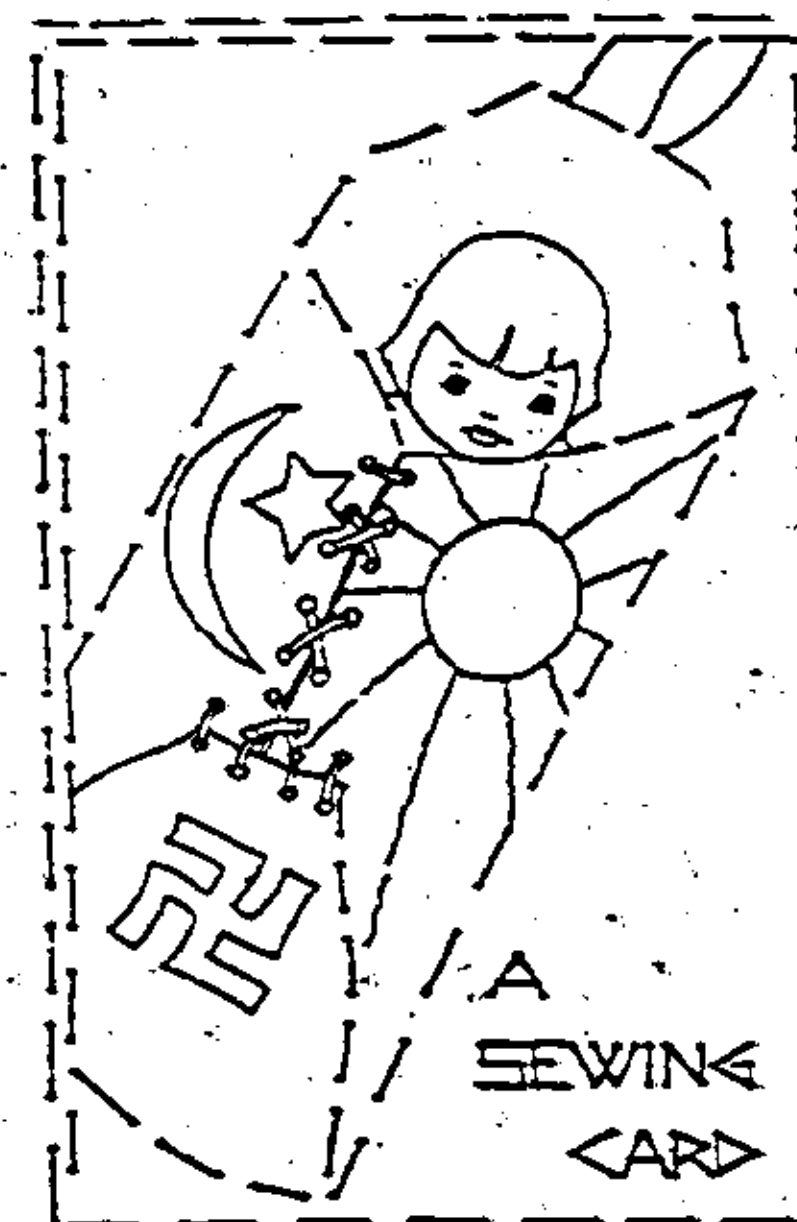
worm another story out of me, you little-puss," said her father, pinching her cheek lovingly.

"Will you tell me one?" pleaded Mabel.

"It was in the time of Queen Elizabeth," began her Dad, "and Sir Walter Raleigh was voyaging in America."

"Where did he live, and who was he?" asked the child whose knowledge of English history was limited.

"He was an Englishman and a great traveller in times when taking trips either on land or sea was fraught with great danger. Raleigh sailed across the Atlantic Ocean and reached Honduras, which is away down at the very end of Mexico. Here in a forest he found the mahogany tree, and he got his men to cut down a branch, which he carried back to England. His boat met with a slight mishap and he used the mahogany wood to mend the broken parts. A long time after this another ship came back



*If this were mounted on a card. The sewing part would not be hard.*

### CHRISTMAS TEASERS

What gets wet when drying?—A towel.

What is better than a cake?—Two cakes.

Why is a goat nearly?—Because it is all butt.

What never bites with its teeth?—A comb.

When is a sheep like ink?—When it is in a pen.

When is a cup of tea sad?—When it is upset.

When is a ship like snow?—When she's adrift.

What letters know the most?—Y's (wise).

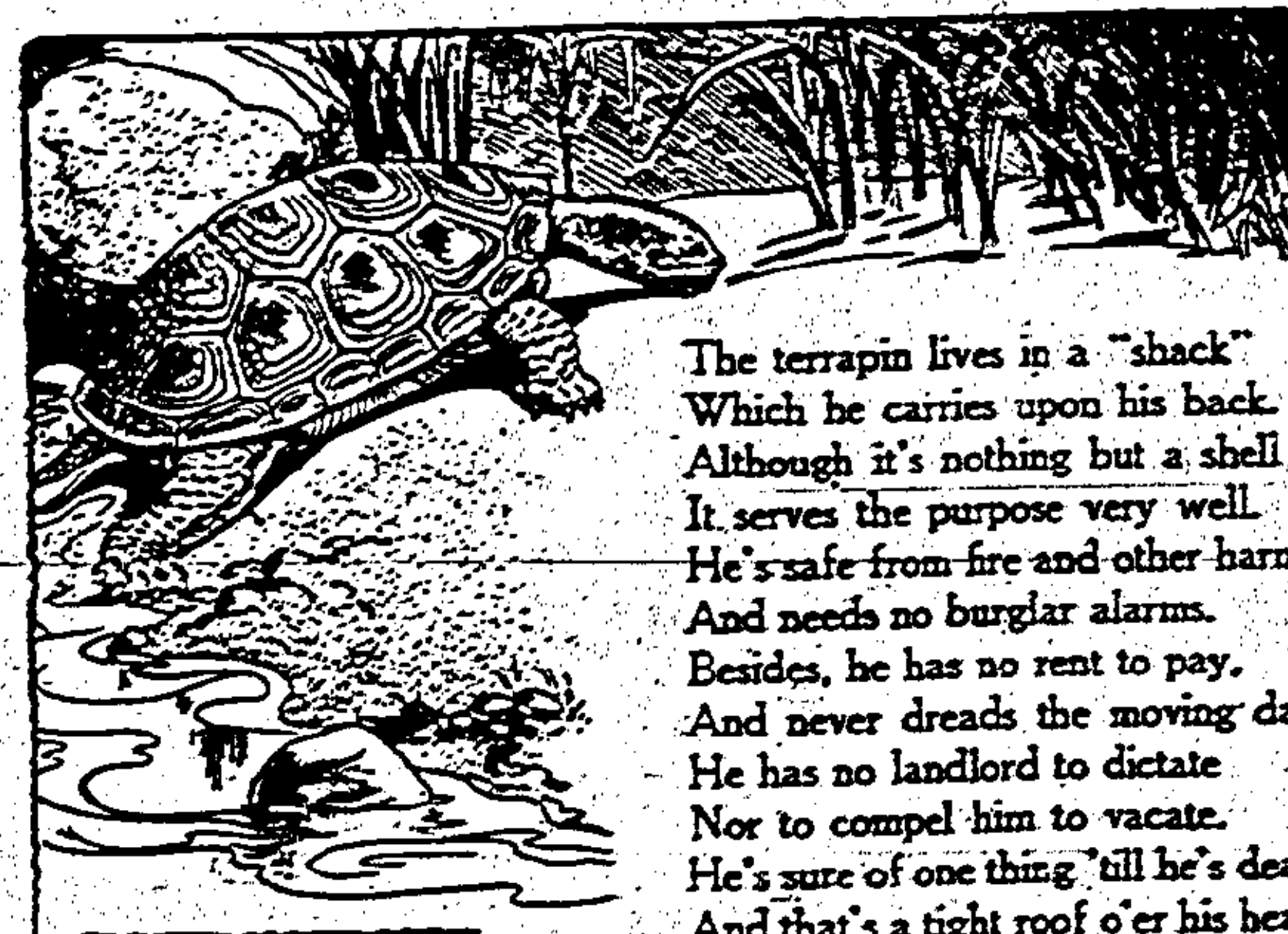
What fish do you find in a bird's cage?—A perch.

What time makes everybody glad?—Good for-time.



*There was an old man of Hong Kong,  
Who was smoking a pipe a foot long;  
A typhoon came one day—  
His pipe blew away,  
And his tears caused a flood in Hong Kong.*

### The Terrapin



The terrapin lives in a "shack" which he carries upon his back. Although it's nothing but a shell it serves the purpose very well. He's safe from fire and other harms. And needs no burglar alarms. Besides, he has no rent to pay. And never dreads the moving day. He has no landlord to dictate. Nor to compel him to vacate. He's sure of one thing 'till he's dead. And that's a tight roof o'er his head.

ROSEMARY regarded me with a little twinkle in her cool grey eye. She was dressed sparingly in some cool diaphanous grey material which threw into relief the jet back profusion of curls drawn back Greek fashion from her white brow. She was sun-browned and healthily slim; even disposed to be friendly whilst surrounded by the fashionably dressed crowd which had assembled on the smooth lawns at Ranelagh to watch the polo. It was a gorgeous spring day at the time of the big dope-smuggling scandals, and had it not been for Rosemary's summons I should have been far out of the heat of London and rusticated at my Sussex home.

It must here be admitted that I still had faint hopes of cornering Rosemary and her affections. In private she still remained that ice-cool aloof person whose sharp wit scattered my bouts of sentimentality, and at times of extreme feeling drove me to utter desperation. However, in public, she would always play the game with any escort, and for the present, I held that honoured position.

"You will never see Jasmine again," she murmured ecstatically, tapping her tiny daintily shod foot against the basket-work table.

"You were never very great friends— you two," I returned innocently enough.

"I hated her," she stated, and surprised me. But still she smiled. "I hated her at school and at college, and I hated her most of all when John and I found you both in that arbor at Mountsfield—"

I felt my neck going red and thanked the smiling sun for his excuse.

"The circumstances were unusual," I parried carefully. "It was a glorious night . . . the moon . . ." But she cut me short.

"You never heard the story?" She was eager in her manner, but the gentle voice showed no hardness.

"I know that she married the Dutchman, Frauzmann, for no apparent reason other than that he was so absurdly rich. That beautiful place in Kent they had . . ."

"It was there that the end came," she cut in languidly, and lay back arranging her sleeves against the burning sun. "She was always so proud, you know. Could never stand the breath of scandal. Even when she chose to frivol she took great pains to do it in private. So unmodern in that respect."

"I arrived by invitation to find the shutters up and the place deserted," I began, "and some workmen were erecting a board to announce that the place was for sale. You were there yourself before they went . . ."

"Yes . . ." She seemed less eager now, and there came a thoughtful look into her soft eyes.

"Tell me," I ventured.

"You were still a little in love with her then, mon ami, were you not?" she said. It was ob-



vious that she meant to witness the full measure of my discomfort.

"She was married . . ."

"Yes. With a husband who came and went by private aeroplane, and stayed away from her for weeks at a time."

"She was lonely."

"With always a house full of servants and guests," she returned. I had a surprising glimpse of veiled cynicism. She almost seemed moved to some half-hidden deep riding emotion. "Tell me," I reiterated.

"She swanked," said Rosemary, adjusting her sunshade carefully. "The flowers in the drawing-room and lounge and on the dining-room table were simply gorgeous. Somebody, I think it was Sheila Bunderry, asked about them at dinner one night, and Jasmine seemed nervous. Hans, she said, brought them over from Holland in the plane. Dutch flowers, especially the spring bulbs, were so much finer and fresher looking than the insignificant English varieties. She told us they got most of their vegetables that way, too, especially cauliflowers and cabbages. Halkiens of Rotterdam grew them, and their flavour was magnificent. George Lennon, the Assistant Commissioner, who was there with his wife and sister, looked a bit glum at that. I can tell you. These were just the kind of casual people they were up against and made the Customs work so difficult, you see, and he had eaten his host's salt."

"I never suspected," went on Rosemary, as I adjusted her chair so that she could better manipulate the tea things, "until in that wonderful garden of

theirs two days later I met Mangel, their gardener, toiling along with a wheelbarrow piled with beautiful English cabbages. I stopped him, of course, and learnt, with pardonable pride on his behalf, that they were of his own rearing, and that, whilst some were for household use, the remainder were to be sent down to the village for distribution amongst the cottagers.

"It was the following morning," she went on, "one of those bright, clear mornings when it seems a sin to wait for the early-morning tea to come up, when cabbages, those great big ones that are used for pickling, again obtruded themselves upon my vision. Sir George and Lady Moira had asked me to join them in an early-morning ride, and the household dustbins were in the stable yard. As we mounted, a Ford lorry came into the yard through the back gate, and a dapper little man—far too dapper and neatly dressed to be a genuine dustman—jumped out of the cabin and started to load the bins into the back of his machine. He loaded seven quite successfully, but the lid of the eighth fell off, to reveal it stuffed full of beautiful red cabbages. I told Sir George I should like one. Of course he thought I was quite mad, but decided to humour me, so kicked his foot free of the stirrup and dismounted. He turned round as if to argue from the ground, but I submitted that if they were going to waste these vegetables, there was no reason why I shouldn't have one to take home. So away he went over to the little dapper dustman, who by this time had finished his loading and was fastening up the board at the back

of his lorry. He swung round sharply, just like a rat turning to face a terrier, as Sir George approached, but said not a word until my friend made his objective plain.

There ensued the most heated argument, which looked like developing into a fight, and every minute my suspicions grew and grew, until, when I saw the little man's right arm fly back to his hip pocket. I knew that I had been on the right track from the first. Luckily George saw what the fellow was doing, and simply knocked him cold. Just then Jasmine came out of the fruit garden with a fresh-picked basket of raspberries, and I saw her go white with fear. She tried to make some surprise come into her voice when she asked what George was doing, but even a woman could see through it. Immediately afterwards she said something about cook having the fruit in time for breakfast and disappeared into the house. Sir George, by the time she had gone, had locked the alleged dustman in the coal-house, and was turning away to get me my cabbage when we heard the most frightful roar. Hans had returned the evening before, and the plane was in the field adjoining the paddock, temporarily housed in a lean-to. The roar increased, and before any of us could move we saw the plane rising over a spinney at the end of the drive."

Rosemary paused and sipped her tea thoughtfully.

"What did you find," I asked, "in the cabbages?"

"Packets and packets of heroin packed into the hearts of them," she said, and smiled again that enigmatical smile.

We fell silent for a while. I felt more confident in my conquest of Rosemary. There had been a personal touch in her conduct at the Kentish mansion. Perhaps after all I was being played like the poor fish who pits his puny strength against the strong wrist of the expert angler. There was a dance that night in the grounds of the club, and I seized my chance in the dim-lit gardens between fox-trots. Perhaps with the intuition which is every woman's birthright she had sensed the danger to my reputation to be mixed up in the affair. If I had gone down to Jasmine at her earlier invitation some of the people in the regiment might well have looked askance at my friendship with proven drug smugglers. She had kept me clear of that suspicion, and gratitude welled in my heart.

"Rosemary," I said, feeding for her cool hand in the shadow of a great lime tree, "won't you please?" But she broke out into that twinkling provocative laugh of hers. "Oh, Jim-pat," she said, "you are so funny. Come on, let's go and dance," and she skipped away towards the brilliantly-lit ballroom like some naughty vivacious elfin.

I am still pursuing Rosemary.

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